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BELLS OF HISTORY AND ROMANCE: WITH PICTURES FROM FRANK A. MILLER'S VAST COLLECTION OF BELLS AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA: BY ELOISE ROORBACH



WHEN the dawn creeps up from the darkly slumbering ocean this Christmas morn and speeds brightly around the world, circling it with a golden girdle of light, myriads of bells in many lands will awake and from steeple to steeple ring out the glad tidings that "The Messiah is King." Each bell, catching the exultant peal of its neighbor, will vibrantly carry along the good news until the world-wide girdle of light will be hung with melody. This joyous pealing of bells on Christmas morn has come to be one of the most beloved features of this sacred festival, one in importance with the decking of our homes and churches with garlands of green, bright berries or flowers. Not a heart in New York but will throb with emotion when the sweet, familiar Christmas hymn is pealed forth by the chimes of Old Trinity, when the ten bells of St. Thomas float their anthems over the city housetops, when the carillon of Grace Church brings to remembrance the holy day. Little children all over America will be listening, bright-eyed and eager, for the glad ringing of Christmas bells—bells which follow the soft, melodious jingling of Kriss Kringle's sleighbells! Little children of England will be listening for the voice of their old friend "Great Tom" of Lincoln, "Peter of York," "Big Ben" of Westminster to announce the arrival of their day of days.

Bells, so dear to the hearts of Christian mankind because of their association with religious festivals, also from time immemorial have played a conspicuous part in pagan ceremonies. They have rung in historical events, enriched literature, colored romances, inspired architects, struck terror to the superstitious or given consolation. They have rejoiced with the rejoicing, mourned with the grieving, chanted with the praying of all nations. They have opened markets, announced guests, roused for danger, summoned to war, welcomed the victor. They have pealed merrily for rustic weddings, joyfully announced the birth of royal heirs, and tolled with muffled tone the

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passing soul along his way. They have tinkled from the ankles of pagan dancing girls and from the sacrificial robes of Levitical high priests. They have sorrowfully mourned "The King is dead," then loyally shouted "Long live the King." In seventeen hundred and seventy-six they recorded our nation's independence.

According to repute bells have often spoken to listening, expectant mankind. *Tobias*, said Dickens in his "Christmas Chimes," heard them speak. When he was in trouble they said to him "Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart Toby;" and "Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby." Charles Warren Stoddard in his "Bells of San Gabriel" bears testimony:

"And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel, rang Gabriel!"

Longfellow declares, "I heard a heart of iron beating in the belfry tower." Victor Hugo says that their pealing is an "opera of steeples." They have also been called "the artillery of priests."

How melodiously they sing in our poems, "Keeping time, time, time in a sort of Runic rhyme," "What a world of happiness their harmony foretells." How they ring through Schiller's "Song of the Bells," Longfellow's "Bells of San Blas," Bret Hart's "Angelus." Elaborate ceremonies have attended their christening; names of royal families, church dignitaries, saints, the Virgin Mary, even those of the Trinity have been bestowed upon them. Christian and pagan emblems have been engraved, embossed and inlaid with skilled, devoted fingers.

THERE seems little doubt that the first bells (which were also the first musical instruments) were but clapping rattles, disks of wood, bone or stone, requiring little craft to make and less to sound. The idea of bells may easily have come from the rattling of dried seeds in dried pods, or primitive man may have accidentally struck a piece of resilient stone with his club and noted its pleasing sound. The first hollowed bells fitted with tongues that struck the inner rim were square or rectangular in shape, thin plates of metal riveted together.

Bell casting came much later, and then developed the science of campanology. Bell founding flourished in many monasteries of the twelfth century, and several families of that time attained fame equal to the great violin makers. The Purdues of Salisbury cast the famous bell called "Peter of Exeter." About the time of Henry the Eighth the Rudhalls of Gloucester won high honors for their bell casting. The art of bell founding is not understood very well even at this late day, and much uncertainty still attends the casting of every large bell.

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The tone of a bell depends very much upon the composition of metals of which it is made, and also upon the shape and the relation of the proportions of height, diameter and thickness. After casting, the tone can be improved somewhat—made flatter by turning a little off the inside by the sound bow, or sharper by cutting a little from the edge to reduce the diameter of the mouth—but this is uncertain work and sometimes ruins a bell. The toning requires as delicate treatment and wise handling as is necessary for violins. When in perfect tune a bell sounds a chord of five notes. The clapper striking against the bell gives the fundamental note, and notes one-third and one-fifth above this can be heard, also the octave above and the one below the fundamental note (which is called the hum note).

To Riverside, California, belongs the honor of housing the largest and finest historic collection of bells, as far as we know, in the world—a collection which can tell an almost uninterrupted story of the bell from the first crude flake of stone to the perfectly shaped, tuned, decorated, inscribed and signed example of the present day bell founder. The archeological value of such an assemblage of bells is only equaled by its value to the world of arts and crafts. There both historian and artist can lose themselves in the joys of research or in the mere delight of gazing upon the graceful forms, curious inscriptions, delicately wrought carvings, rich and varied colorings. This collection is the property of Mr. Frank A. Miller, and has been patiently gathered by him, with the discriminating help of his daughter and her husband, De Witt Hutchings, from the treasure houses of the world, from its highways and byways, from its celebrated and its obscure corners.

To reach the garden where the bells are hanging, a narrow, steep, window-tower stairway must be climbed. Where should old bells be resting, brooding of the past, but in a tower garden under the bright blue sky of day and the star-lighted sky of night, near that Camino Real, monumented by Fray Junipero Serra with the twenty-one Missions from out whose towers pealed the clarion message of bells dedicated to holiness, bells which ushered in a new civilization!

Mr. Miller's collection of almost three hundred bells hangs in one of the courts of the Inn of the Bells. Two of the high walls of this hanging court are set with richly colored panels, ancient tiles, intricately carved marbles, escutcheons and coats of arms embedded after the manner of those in the staircase of the Bargello Palace, Florence. Around the other two sides is an arched parapet, in each arch of which is hanging some wonderful old bell. One corner of this wall has been extended to form a campanile, a reproduction of the one at the Mission of San Antonio de Palatingwa surmounted by an image of St. Anthony

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of Padua. Clear from the ground a vigorous vine has sprung, twining its tendrils around these old bells, and each morning it lifts afresh, ethereally delicate chalices of blue, fragrant symbols of the Holy Grail. From pagan to Christian bell, this green vine has traveled, entwining itself in and out among the arches, running along the tiled walls, creeping even to the feet of Saint Anthony, until the bells of all nations and all faiths have been united—Nature's ever living prophecy of the days when enmity will cease, when the many shall be one!

IN this peaceful Garden of Bells are altar chimes from Rome hanging next to those from the temples of India, China and Japan; bells of Buddhist begging pilgrims, and those which rang the Angelus in sunny Spain; bells used by pilgrims when climbing the slopes of Fujiyama; bells from Scotland; bells that take one back to the days of warring Christian and Moslem, to the days when the name of Richard the Lion Hearted was still a fresh memory with the Saracens. There are bells taken from the necks of goats browsing on the Acropolis at Athens; Swiss cowbells, old sheep bells from Zermatt, and one that once hung from the neck of a sacred bullock in Ahmedabad; a camel bell from Peshawar, and a donkey bell from Cairo, a bell that tinkled to the stately tread of My Lord the Sacred Elephant of India; a castle Tocsin from Wurtemberg dated seventeen hundred and forty-six; a house bell from Russia cast before the reign of Peter the Great, and a "Potlatch" rattle used in the dances of Alaska Indians; also castanets of the eighteenth century used by dancing fakirs of India. There are gongs whose hoarse, discordant notes once echoed through fantastic temples of the Far East; house gongs from Tokio which announced the coming of guests; a very old prayer gong with tip of yak horn for a wand, from Thibet the "backbone of the world," and a war gong from Borneo; one five hundred years old from China with inscriptions in old characters of the Ming Dynasty. A wonderful gong from Japan, once used in a sacred *cha-no-yu*, is beautifully ornamented with decorative characters and imperial chrysanthemums; the wooden sounding mallet has an inscription meaning "Single Heart." Such gongs were used in the Daimyo or feudal days from sixteen hundred and three to eighteen hundred and sixty-seven. There is another tea ceremony gong made in the shape of the sacred foot of Buddha, ornamented with sacred lotus, a fine specimen of seventeenth century craft.

A conspicuous gong is from Pekin, China; it is a flat, circular sheet of bronze covered on both sides with extracts from the sacred writings of Confucius, from his work entitled "Change." The worshipers read the words on this disk as from a book, occasionally striking it with



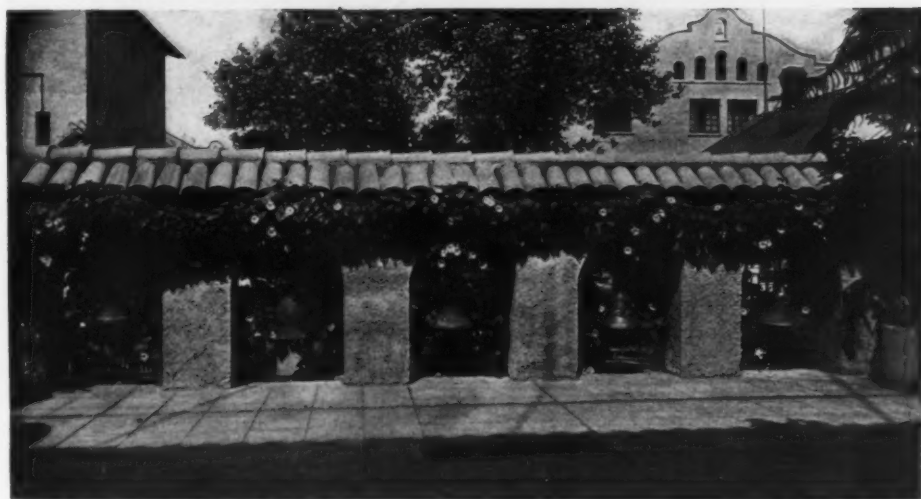
From a Photograph by Avery Edwin Field.

THE CAMPANILE GATEWAY OF THE "INN
OF THE BELLS" AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.



From Photographs by Avery Edwin Field.

A CORNER OF THE BELL PERGOLA, FROM WHICH
ARE SWINGING BELLS OF ALL ERAS AND COUNTRIES.
BELL PERGOLA IN OUTER COURT OF THE INN, AND
RESTING PLACE TO VIEW THE BELLS.



From Photographs by Avery Edwin Field.

A LINE OF THE MOST FAMOUS BELLS IN THE
WORLD FROM EUROPE AND THE FAR EAST.
ARCHED PARAPET CARRYING OLD DATED BELLS
FROM SPAIN, GERMANY AND SCOTLAND.



From a Photograph by Avery Edwin Field.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURT OF THE BELLS AT MISSION INN, SHOWING THE BELL TOWER, ARCHED PARAPET, AND IN THE FOREGROUND A COPY OF "BIG BEN."

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a wand to attract the attention of the great teacher. This is about one hundred and fifty years old. Another large gong of especially rich and beautiful tone was once suspended from a tall pole overlooking the crowded districts of Tokio and used to sound fire warnings. Still another sweet-toned bronze gong is from a Chinese temple; its handle is formed of double dragons, and on its face is the phoenix, symbol of power and vigorous life, and the mystical ginseng plant, typifying virility and potency. A gong of hammered brass made by the Morros of the Island of Mindanao (one of the Philippines), in its early life rested upon the ground, hidden in the depths of a tropical jungle, and was beaten upon with heavy sticks in the celebration of strange savage festivities. Not far from this is a Mukden gong in the form of the eight-petaled lotus flower, and two hundred and fifty years ago summoned the faithful to worship in the temple. Its inscription in ancient Chinese characters translated reads, "Given to the holy God." It was made in sixteen hundred and sixty, the thirty-ninth era of Chinese history, the golden age from a standpoint of arts and crafts. There is a large Dora gong from a Buddhist temple at Hakodate with the signature of its maker, Myochin, upon it; and a strange three-footed one of the eighteenth century from Kamakura beautifully ornamented with lotus buds. And one that was once thrust through the belt of a begging pilgrim as he walked the streets of Yokohama praying to God and man.

THE curator of the Inn, Francis S. Borton, with a patience possessed only by the antiquarian, pointed out beauties which otherwise might have been overlooked. He began with a bell which was simply a piece of phonolite ("clink stone") suspended by a cord, which when beaten upon the raised boss with a small wooden mallet gives a clear metallic ring. Such a bell was in use as early as six hundred B. C. Mr. Borton drew attention to a beautifully molded bronze bell ornamented with a raised design of lotuses and music-loving dragons, and around the upper part were the snails of Buddha. A curved dragon formed the ears of this valuable bell. The *cha-no-yu*, or tea ceremony, in which this bell was used developed into a cult during the Shogunate of Ashikaga Yoshimasa in the fifteenth century.

The most valuable bell in Mr. Miller's collection is bronze, large and sweet-toned; it has the distinction of being the oldest dated Christian bell in the world today, bearing a Latin inscription around the edge which translated reads, "Quintana and Salvador made me in the year of our Lord twelve hundred and forty-seven." Near the top of the bell is its name, Maria Jacobi, signifying "Mary" (mother)

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"of James" (the lesser). It bears the Greek monogram "I. H. S. X. P. S.," and is forty-six inches in circumference and twenty inches in height.

Noteworthy among others is a large green-bronze bell dated seventeen hundred and four, bearing the inscription, "To the honor and glory of God and the Virgin Mary of All Saints: Salvator and Francis Anthony of Montserrat, donors." Around the shoulders and barrel is a very elaborate, lacelike tracery of vines and medallions with inscriptions and figures of saints. Below are the names of donors and dedicatory inscriptions to saints. It is an unusually fine example of bell craft.

A large iron bell, resting under the shadow of the campanile of St. Anthony, is from the church of St. Francis at Molokai. For many years this broken bell summoned those unfortunate creatures imprisoned on that fatal island, "alive in death," to listen to the beloved voice of Father Damien as he comforted and blessed the souls he gave his life to help. It is surely fitting that this bell should find a permanent resting place in this collection at Mission Inn under the shadow of the cross on Mt. Rubidoux, reared in memory of another immortal son of St. Francis—Fray Junípero Serra.

Of interest to metal workers is a very rare iron Angelus bell from Zaragoza, with Gothic lettering of the fourteenth century. The letters of the inscription were evidently all made separately and then stuck on the core of the bell mold, as evidenced by their great unevenness. There is a curious mass bell from Stuttgart whose four bells in one denote the four gospels. In the fourth arch of the parapet is a beautiful bronze bell from the old German military citadel of Spandau, ornamented in bold relief with an eagle grasping fasces in its talons. The ears of the bell are formed by a group of lions couchant. The words *Ton Gis* guarantee the purity of metal and tone.

There is a Lama's bell from Jantzi, Thibet, called "Dilbuh." The tip of the handle is in the shape of a *dorjee* (from which Darjeeling gets its name); the eagle claw is to destroy evil; the head is of Dolma, goddess of mercy; about the shoulders of the bell runs a Sanskrit prayer, meaning, "In thee, O Buddha, do we put our trust."

And so each of the three hundred bells that are swinging from pergola and arch in the Garden of the Bells, at the Inn of the Bells, might be enumerated, each history recorded, each bit of ancient, patiently wrought decoration described. Sweet-toned, discordant, strident, cracked and muffled voices please or startle the listener as he touches these bells with wand of wood, bone or metal. Chapters of earth's history, of its arts and sciences are here recorded as in the pages of a mighty book, in hieroglyphics strange and beautiful.

WORK—AND A CHRISTMAS SONG: BY ELOISE ROORBACH



EARTSICK, homesick, discouraged and weary, I sat at a desk in a grimy New York office building, searching my heart, soul, memory, imagination, for words, fragrant as flowers, with which to clothe thoughts of gardens, homes, Christmas-tide. How was I to write beautifully of gardens—never seeing one! How write tenderly of glowing hearth fires—having no home fire of my own! How write lovingly of Christmas-tide, of its joys, gifts, reunion with friends, family and loved ones—being far from family, friends and loved ones!

Suddenly a song, soft and faint, floated through the frostbound, grimy window. It came from above, as if some singer from another world was passing overhead. Gradually the aerial song grew more distinct, resolving itself into an old familiar hymn of my childhood—

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for a bed.

The murmuring voice of the invisible singer would stop, begin again, linger occasionally over a bar with a caressing tenderness, very softly as if singing to a sleepy child, stilling the clamor of my heart, sweetening the poison of my mind, staying my complaint.

A shadow flitted across the room, then down dropped into sight a man suspended by a rope, sitting upon a swinging seat, paintbrush in hand. My heavenly singer was a workman garbed in overalls, a paint-splashed hat upon his close-cropped head. No wings sustained him as he sang—a slight, treacherous rope dangled him along the face of the great building. His face was bright and he worked with fervor, leaning far from his narrow seat, holding fast to the rope with one hand as with the other he deftly and quickly wielded the brush. Unconscious of danger, undaunted by the cold, his face aglow with some happy thought, he contentedly worked while the bitter wind swayed him from side to side. With strong, sure hand he lowered himself out of sight—but what a gift had he unknowingly left! What a sermon unwittingly preached between the pauses of his song! What a benediction carelessly conferred! This priceless gift was a knowledge of the joy of work. His Christmas sermon had taught the dignity of work, the privilege, the honor, of being allowed to fill a place, however small, in a great city's need. His Christmas benediction had shrived me of bitterness, weariness, loneliness, homesickness. My pencil no longer dragged, but sped along joyously with cheerful, loving Christmas "copy."

THE WINTER FESTIVALS OF MEXICO: A CHRISTMAS THAT COMBINES AZTEC AND CHRISTIAN LEGENDS: BY WILHELMINE WEBER



DECEMBER in Mexico is rich in fantastic religious festivals founded by the Aztec Indians on Christian legends but strangely pagan in their manifestation. The festival of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which falls on December twelfth, is far more impressive than the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau or the famous Pilgrimage of Lourdes. The legend of the Lady of Guadalupe is a strange mixture of two beliefs—the old creed of the Aztecs, and the newer creed of the incoming Spaniards. It would seem that the Virgin wished to reconcile the Spaniard and the Indian by giving them a common saint. Certainly it is difficult to say, in the celebration of the Virgin of Guadalupe, where one religion ends and the other begins. Upon this sacred hill, so the story goes, there was once upon a time an Aztec temple, dedicated to the Mother of All Gods. This ancient shrine was ruthlessly destroyed by the Conquerors, the Spaniards, who had their priests build a chapel to take the place of the old temple. Then began the sad business of “converting” the Aztec to the new religion. The priests must have laughed at the poor native Juan Diego, when he came to them with a tale of the vision of the Virgin which had appeared to him on the sacred hill, commanding him to build a church on the very place where the vision was glowing before him. The terrified native told the story to the Bishop, who refused to believe him. Again and again the vision appeared to Juan Diego, and finally, when the Bishop demanded proof, the Virgin caused fresh flowers to spring up from the ground, and Juan Diego wonderingly took his gaudy *tilma* from his shoulders, and filled it with the flowers to take to the Bishop. When the Bishop opened the *tilma* a miracle had taken place: there, on the mantle, was the vision of the Virgin. To this day you can see the sacred *tilma* hanging above the altar of the Cathedral of Guadalupe. The Virgin of the humble Juan Diego is the beloved lady of both Spaniard and Aztec now, and cures their ills and heals their sorrows, and gives them excuse for an amazing pilgrimage to her shrine.

In early December Guadalupe is the Mecca of all Mexico. It is only a few miles from Mexico City and may be reached by trolley, but the pilgrim prefers to come on foot, and to crawl a bit of the way. The little town is rich in Aztec lore and legends, and there is something fantastic in the association of Christian and Aztec customs in the celebration of the great day. All Mexicans observe it, but it is

RETURNING FROM MASS CHRISTMAS MORNING:
THE SERVICE BEING REGARDED AS A PREPARATION
FOR A FESTIVAL DAY IN THE MARKETPLACE AND
A DANCE AT NIGHT IN THE SHADOW OF THE
CATHEDRAL.



BEGGARS ON THE STEPS OF THE CATHEDRAL AT
THE TIME OF THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL GIVE A
GENUINE ORIENTAL TOUCH WHICH IS SECONDED
BY THE MARVELOUS COLORS WORN BY THE NATIVE
WOMEN IN THEIR GRACEFUL COSTUMES.



THERE IS SOMETHING FANTASTIC IN THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF GUADALUPE IN THE ASSOCIATION OF CHRISTIAN AND AZTEC CUSTOMS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A NATIVE CHRISTIAN WATCHING A GROUP OF NATIVE CHILDREN PERFORMING AN OLD AZTEC DANCE.



DURING THE NINE DAYS' CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL AT GUADALUPE
THE CHURCHYARD BECOMES THE CENTER OF INTEREST AND
EVENTUALLY DEVELOPS INTO A POPULAR MARKETPLACE.

NATIVE CHILDREN IN GUADALUPE DANCING SOME OF THE FIGURES WHICH BELONG TO THE OLD AZTEC FESTIVALS. THEIR COSTUMES A COMBINATION OF NATIVE AND MODERN, WITH A TOUCH OF AZTEC QUALITY IN THE FLOWERS WOVEN THROUGH THEIR BRAIDS AND THE BUNCHES OF FEATHERS CARRIED IN THEIR HANDS.



NATIVE CHILDREN DANCING THE MODERN WALTZ NEAR THE GROUP WHICH IS DOING THE AZTEC FIGURES. THESE CHILDREN DO NOT WEAR THE FLOWERS WOVEN IN THEIR HAIR, NOR DO THEY CARRY THE FEATHERED WANDS WHICH GIVE THE VERY DEFINITE BARBARIC TOUCH TO THE ANCIENT DANCES. OFTEN GROUPS OF CHILDREN WILL BE SEEN DANCING AZTEC FIGURES AND THE WALTZ SIDE BY SIDE QUITE UNCONSCIOUS OF THE BIZARRE INTEREST THEIR CONTRIBUTION ADDS TO THE WINTER FESTIVAL.

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primarily the day of the Aztec. He becomes a religious fanatic and a joyous pagan by turns—quick turns. One moment he is on his knees before the Virgin, and the next he is dancing, some dance perhaps three thousand years old, in the streets outside. He crawls on hands and knees to the chapel—and gambles all night long when he gets there!

Thousands of Aztecs make pilgrimages to Guadalupe from far-away counties, traveling on foot with their families, babies and all, in little companies. We saw them passing through the city for days before the Twelfth, and on the eve of the great day we went to the holy town to see the assembled pilgrims.

FIRST we turned toward the Cathedral, but the doors were closed and dark, and every inch of the enclosed churchyard was covered with cocoonlike figures, thousands of weary sleeping pilgrims wrapped in gay *zarapes*, and all along the streets and walks of the Plaza there were snug rows of sleeping humanity.

We climbed the hill back of the Cathedral, which is crowned by the little Chapel of Guadalupe, the most sacred spot in this West-world Mecca. Up the steep stone-paved streets we pressed, past clustering low houses and dim bits of gardens. It seemed unreal and Mediæval that on the morrow thousands of devout pilgrims would crawl up the cruel ascent on their knees.

On the summit of the hill gleamed the ivory-white façade of the Chapel, and the bit of level terrace fronting it was filled with Indian pilgrims, some awake and animated, others recumbent and blanketed. Away in the distance the level line of city lights glowed softly, and as far as the eye could see were stretches of desolate barren plain, dark and mysterious in the tropical starlight. Below, the towers of the great Cathedral were outlined in yellow flame with thousands of tiny oil lamps.

On the terrace were groups of pilgrims assisting in dressing the men who were to dance. These Indians, mostly descendants of Aztecs and of the primitive peoples who were here two or three thousand years before Cortez came, still retain many ancient customs, and the religious dances are picturesque survivals of an America old beyond belief. In their grotesque dancing costumes, these men assumed an aspect of barbaric and splendid dignity. The hill might have been an ancient *tocalli* and the dance a rite to a remote Aztec god. There were emerald, yellow and vermilion feathered head-dresses; short spangled satin skirts of faded rose color or coral red; stockings of brilliant hues; gold and silver beaded ornaments—all in vivid contrast with the simple cotton garments, blankets and som-

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breros of the surrounding pilgrims. The brown faces seemed curiously Oriental.

Suddenly a group of musicians struck up a rude wild chant, played on queer pipes, with an undertone of muffled drumming. The dancers drew near the pipers, the pilgrims following them. Then other musicians arrived with strange many-stringed instruments, and alternated with the pipers in curious chants. Occasionally there were outbursts of song, hymns to the Virgin.

During the nine days' Christmas festival, which begins on the eve of December sixteenth, and ends with a supreme celebration on Christmas Eve, the heart of the city is a fantastic market-place. The greatest activity centers about the Alameda, a public park. We watched a procession of baskets more gigantic than the greatest of Dutch hogsheads, jog down the street. Close scrutiny disclosed bent backs, and very active legs under the huge baskets. Threading lazily among the active baskets were bundles of long poles and bulky masses of many colored weavings. Further down the street they halted, and the baskets were gently lowered to the cobblestones. The legs and poles and gay weavings came up and joined the baskets, and then began the making of the booths which line the streets of the Alameda during the *fiesta*.

The poles were stuck into the ground, hung with the blankets and weavings, and suddenly there was evolved a market-place wonderful as any in Araby. The great baskets were shifted about and ripped open at the top, and from soft beds of bits of colored paper were lifted wonders in clay, dry and unbaked, brown and glazed; covered with iridescent luster; painted a marvelous ivory color and decorated as only the followers of the Talavera potteries can decorate; fashioned into a thousand half-Indian, half-Spanish toys; thumbled into gods and rude water jars; delicately tooled into lifelike groups of familiar street vendors, farmers and shepherds, and motifs from the native life in home and church; clay formed into every conceivable object of amusement, beauty or utility. These fascinating objects were arranged on rough boards which formed the front of the booths, or *puestos*. Some were offering Christmas dried fruits—fresh figs, dates and quinces made into flattened red-brown sheets; raisins and syrupy preserved bananas; others displaying baskets of reed and willow, *dulces*, candies of vivid, poisonous looking colors and a small pill-like confection, useful in filling the Posada favors. Tiny white *puestos* had tempting offerings of little cakes of *ajonjolí* seed made in an ornate mold or the great greasy blistery cakes from Guanajuato. There were *puestos* with handicrafts of the natives of Oaxaca, carved wooden combs, highly glazed green pottery, peculiar thin red peppers, sau-

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sages, flat plate-like cheeses and piles of red worms which can be made into a delicious sauce; and Guadalajara, Morella and Texacoco *puestos* offering pots peculiar to their *pais*.

Among the baskets and poles walked the stately señoras and their pale daughters in frivolous Paris gowns. Multitudes of children, *criadas*, basket bearers and *cargadores* called and laughed. Everyone was shrieking, bartering and buying in shrill confusion.

THEN, as if this were not enough color and fantasy, we were suddenly aware of the *pinata*. The *pinata* is bought and broken every night for nine nights before Christmas. Everyone, from the wife of the president to the humblest peasant, must have a *pinata*. There must be thousands and thousands ready to sell every evening. The *pinata* is a strange figure which suggests a huge doll; sometimes a stupid-faced clown in costume, sometimes a bold member of the Rurales in bizarre tissue-paper costume. He is usually fat around the middle. The reason for this is the presence of a large, thin clay *olla*, a jar shaped something like an egg, stuffed full of tiny favors and candies, so thin that it can be broken by a stroke.

Soft-voiced girls with blue *rebozos* about their shoulders entreated us to buy flowers from their piled-up baskets—fragrant canal flowers, that had come straight from the floating gardens of the Viga Canal. All sorts of *tortas* and *fruitas* were urged upon us. Behind the display of wares in every booth, the family squatted around the tiny clay *braseiro*, waiting for the steaming *olla* to give up the hot *chiles* and *frijoles*. The *mamacita* was intent on *moles*, *adobos* and warmed over *tortillas* from her native *pais*.

On each of these nine nights the Fiesta of the Posada is celebrated in tens of thousands of Mexican homes. Each clan of merrymakers is divided into two groups, the Cruel-hearted Inn-keepers, and the Holy Pilgrims, among them Maria and Jose. The Pilgrims carry lighted candles, and walk slowly along the corridors singing Mediæval songs, half chant, half wail. The leader of the Pilgrims knocks at a door and in mournful tones begs for lodging for the night. The Cruel Inn-keepers respond in heavy male voices, in a jerky, wicked measure, telling the Pilgrims to be gone; none will admit them. The singing continues, the soft plaintive requests of the Pilgrims begging shelter at least for the fatigued Maria; the Inn-keepers responding in gruff, heavy voices. There is an endless marching up and down the corridors with lighted candles, until suddenly there is a stir, and everyone hurries to the main patio where the festive *pinata* of the family is hung—a paper bull-fighter, a *padre* or a dancing girl.

The *pinata* is suspended by a long rope from a rafter stretched

A CHRISTIAN AND AZTEC CHRISTMAS

across the patio, and the merry-makers are blindfolded one at a time and given a stick with which they strike and try to break the clay *olla* concealed in the *pinata*. Everyone has red cheeks and shining eyes, and the *regalos* and *dulces* are playfully fought for. The fiddlers have been tuning up meanwhile for the *Jota* and *Jarabe*, old religious dances of the Aztecs, and everyone is mad for the dance. Whenever a dancer becomes thirsty, he saunters into the *comedor*, where *refrescos* are served by the servants. A ruby-red, very sweet drink made of fruit is conspicuously evident, but shamefully neglected, for everyone drinks *vinos*, cognacs and liquors.

Until nine *pinatas* have been broken, and nine appealing visits to the Cruel Inn-keepers have been made, the feast goes on. On the last night of all, in the last tavern, are found Maria and José and the tinsel, flower-bedecked *Sagrado Niño Jesus* in a raw green paper, moss-lined crib. Now the Pilgrims and even the Cruel Inn-keepers sing a loud hosanna through a whole red-covered book of naïve and innocent chants, strange, half-barbaric, half-Medieval. The hosanna is followed by more dancing of the *Jota* and *Jarabe*, and more cognac and liquors, and endless *cigarros*, and finally all the groups go forth to the Cathedral for the splendid Christmas Mass, the midnight Mass of the Cocks.

No presents are exchanged on Christmas Day, that being reserved for the New Year festival; but fascinating dishes are eaten on the Great Day, notably the *Ensalada de la Noche Buena*, a salad of many native fruits and vegetables, not to mention the gaudily colored candies that decorate the top of it, to conform with some old tradition. We sit in our patio enjoying the fragrance of heliotrope and roses, feasting our eyes on the brilliant bougainvillea, while we eat our Christmas dinner. Outside, the streets are almost deserted, the feasts have been exhausted, and it is almost dull—but the Happy Valley could never be dull!



A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER: A STORY: BY CLARENCE EARLE FISHER



THE new Governor's honor system had reached Slim Haley. For six months now it had been given a thorough trial as one by one the convicts were taken from the cavernous interior of the prison and placed on probation in agreeable outdoor work, without guards. The Governor and his admirers were enjoying a period of satisfaction. His enemies were shaking their heads sagely and predicting all manner of impending social dangers. Most of the men inside were cognizant of the Governor's amazing innovations, and wondered daily who would be next. No "lifer" had thus far been included among the favored ones. The short-termers were first. There was much conjecture among the long-termers and the "lifers" as to how far the new policy would be extended. There was also a rumor among the men that the Governor had said that he would assist personally in a man-hunt for the first who broke the rule.

Slim Haley alone was ignorant of the new movement, due perhaps to a certain taciturnity that kept him aloof from the other prisoners.

"Number one thousand three hundred and fifty-six, report to the warden," said a guard.

Slim turned deliberately from his toil in the foundry room, and stared in manifest amazement.

"What 'cher give'n me?" he demanded. "Say, ain't I doin' all right? Ain't I doin' all right?" he reiterated. "What's up, eh?"

"No back sassin'," snarled the guard. "Git yer glad rags on."

"Glad rags, eh?" Slim chuckled at the irony of it. "Th' ones I brung with me ten year ago, huh?"

A faint gleam of hope lingered in his sunken grey eyes. Maybe some good angel had interceded in his behalf. Maybe a pardon! But the hope-flicker died away. No use wishing or hoping, or even praying.

An hour later Slim appeared before the warden.

"The Governor wants to see you," the warden said curtly.

Then Slim did try valiantly to smooth his close-cropped gray hair into a semblance of respectability. The Governor wanted to see him! The prison was a mile from the Governor's office. During the brief journey his mind went quickly back over the ten years. He was in the courtroom and the judge was pronouncing sentence. Life imprisonment! "The jury has found you guilty," the judge was saying, "although the evidence has been mainly circumstantial. See to it that you behave yourself." Black despair would have settled upon most men under such a penalty. Not so with Slim. He had heard

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many sentences in his forty years, and since the first had never quailed. True, this was the first for life, but a "lifer" has many years before him, and prison walls are not so secure after all, as many prison records will show. Slim grinned in remembrance of the records in certain prisons where his own Bertillion measurements were written boldly after the "name" of an escaped inmate.

The crime for which he was now serving sentence was a most atrocious one. Slim still grimly asserted that he was not guilty, yet he could never explain all of his movements on the night of the murder. He had taken the finding of the jury philosophically, remarking to the attorney who had defended him:

"Taint no use to grumble and whine. They gits men like me, guilty er not. Th' cops has to run in some one to hold their jobs. Its better inside someways. They treat ye half like a man anyhow. Outside yer nothin' but a rat, jest a ornery rat, scurryin' from the cops all the time."

So Slim made no tearful plea for clemency. He trusted to luck and the future. Ten years had passed now, and luck was still against him. Maybe Fortune had turned his way at last!

He faced the Governor a little sheepishly, as a man naturally does after so many years of confinement. The Governor was young, sharp-eyed, evidently a man of quick determination.

"Number one thousand five hundred and fifty-six, what is your name?" he asked Slim, abruptly.

Slim had not expected this as a preliminary question. He opened his mouth awkwardly and then choked a bit. "Slim Haley, I t'ink it was, Gov'ner, when I went up fer dis trick."

The Governor appreciated the humor in Slim's answer. He smiled, and the smile gave Slim the self-assurance that he had lost for the moment.

"Mr. Haley," the Governor began. Again Slim's mouth opened in surprise. "*Mr. Haley!*" He had never been addressed before in his whole life as a gentleman. What sort of a stripling was this beardless executive to be calling "lifers" Mister! Had the voters elected a nincompoop for their Governor!

"Mr. Haley," the Governor continued, "I've a notion that you would like to work outside a bit. Now, the landscape gardener over at the asylum for the blind needs an assistant. The present policy is to supply such needs from our prison. This gives some of the boys a bit of fresh air. Here is my proposition: The State can't afford to place a guard over one man. I want you to do this work faithfully and I want your promise that you will not break the trust I am placing in you. Can I trust you?"

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"Gov'ner," Slim's voice wavered and tears welled in his eyes. "I ain't never been given a chanct before. You're white—"

"Never mind that!" exclaimed the Governor, hastily. "Remember, I can be harsh if necessary. See to it that you do not betray this trust."

FOR many weeks the park surrounding the asylum for the blind was the prettiest of the State's public grounds. Summer was passing. Out near the big geranium bed a man was industriously potting plants. Ten earthen pots were already filled with the vigorous green geraniums with their clusters of brilliant red blossoms. A pile of ugly, empty pots lay heaped upon the green grass beside the bed. The man arose and rested for a moment on the edge of the wheelbarrow. A warm, ravishing wind, full of Indian-summer allurements, was blowing up from the south. A soft haze mantled the wavering eastern hills. The woods and fields invited. The sun was just over the edge of the mountain range to the west, and the serrated horizon flamed a warm orange.

The trowel dropped from Slim's hands and his lips suddenly moved.

"Ten pots—ten years—an' all that pile of ugly empties left. An' the rest of them years will be just thataway—ugly, empty years! If they could be filled with flowers like these pots it might be worth it. But they won't!" he ended savagely. "They won't be nothin' bright to fill 'em with."

He glanced longingly toward the hills. "Th' big city's thataway," he muttered, "toward the valley. They ain't no other big town between here and th' hills. I can make forty mile tonight—rest tomorrer—forty th' next day—"

He arose slowly, arranged the filled pots on the barrow, and made off toward the hot-house. There he carefully laid aside his rough overalls, helped himself to the suit which the gardener had left hanging behind the door, put on a stiff-brimmed hat and left the building, making his way confidently down the avenue to the busy streets.

Within an hour, unmolested and unnoticed, he was outside the city limits, and with long strides was making toward the mountain range, now boldly silhouetted against a perfectly clear sky.

All night he walked. Not once did he swerve from the path which he had chosen until the grayness of dawn. Then he slipped into a thicket, made a rough bed of boughs and flung himself down to sleep soundly. He awakened with a start to find the sun half-down, and was cognizant of a terrible hunger. He waited until the

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sun was almost set, and then trudged on toward a cabin which appeared in the clearing.

When he reached the cabin, he went to the door and knocked. A powerfully built, hairy-faced man answered his summons.

"I am hungry," Slim announced briefly. "What can you give me for two bits?"

"Where ye from?" the rancher asked suspiciously.

"Sacramento," the traveler answered.

A woman's face appeared at the door. She peered sharply at the man and then drew her husband aside for a hurried whispering. Slim caught a few random words—"telephone—gray hair—sunken cheeks—"

Realizing for the first time that he had failed to take into account modes of man-hunting that had come since he knew the old tricks of the road, he did not wait for further questioning, but turned, walked quickly to the fence and vaulted the rough boards. The farmer, his suspicions confirmed, was shouting to his wife:

"Git the shotgun, Susan! Git the shotgun!"

Before Susan could locate the weapon, Slim was running far down the road. He dodged into a thicket and lay panting for several moments.

As he sat resting from his exertion, he began to realize that he must be more cautious. His hunger was intense; and yet there was little opportunity now of satisfying the craving for food. He arose and continued his way deeper into the fir woods. He came across an abandoned camp, evidently deserted but a few hours ago. He found half a loaf of dried bread and a small piece of moldy bacon, which he devoured eagerly. Then he laid down to rest and to think. As he recalled the brutish farmer and his inquisitive wife, his anger rose. He began to feel the old hatred for his fellowmen which had obsessed him since childhood. As far back as he could recollect men and women had found something peculiar about him, had whispered and nodded and frowned and laughed at him. Policemen had never taken his word for anything, had sneered at him. Judges had ignored his protestations of innocence, had refused to consider anything which he had said. Guards in the prison had no kind words for him. Even at this very moment a squirrel was chattering angrily from a limb overhead, because he had been robbed of the loaf and the meat. Poisonous thoughts rankled in Slim's mind.

After he was thoroughly rested Slim determined to push onward. It was night again. A chill rain filtered through the fir boughs; a cold, raw fog enveloped everything. He followed the abandoned loggers' road until it merged again with the main highway, and intuitive-

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ly chose the branch which led toward the mountains. Not a sound broke the great solitude of the deserted roadway save the slosh, slosh of water in his shoes. They were worn and broken at the seams, and the water ran into them in streams, softening his already tender feet.

A faint light gleamed dully through the fog. Slim made directly for the light, and found that it came from the window of a wood-chopper's cabin. He peered through the window. A woman and a little child, a girl of seven or eight years, sat by the rough table. Slim knocked at the door. After some delay the door was opened a mere crack, and the woman asked:

"Who is there?"

Slim shoved his foot into the door crack and said:

"I am cold. I want coffee. I want to warm myself."

"Go away!" the woman cried, terrified.

"I won't hurt you," the man encouraged. "Let me have coffee. I am tired."

He pushed with all his might against the door, and the woman fell back from it. As the door gave way, Slim tumbled into the room, sprawling headlong upon the bare floor. The woman cowered in the corner. The little girl was crying. Slim saw the woman held a gun, but was too terror-stricken to use it.

"Shoot if ye want," he laughed, "but wait till I've had th' coffee. I'm awful cold."

The woman made no effort to do his bidding. He walked over to her and took the gun from her nerveless hands. "Lay it here," he said, "and get me somethin' to eat. I want coffee—hot."

Somewhat reassured, the woman moved toward the stove and began to prepare something to eat. Slim watched her through half-closed eyes. The child clung to her dress whimpering. Slim watched the child for some time. He had not been so near a child in many years. At length he rose and examined the gun. It was new, and in the corner hung a filled cartridge belt. "I may need this," he said half to himself, "I will take it along."

The woman kept her eye on the uncouth, weary-looking man. Suddenly she turned and said to him, calmly:

"Be you the man that broke away from the prison?"

Slim was startled by the abruptness of the question. He stared at the woman for a moment and then seemed to find something humorous in the query. He laughed.

"What do you know about thet feller?" he asked.

"They say a man broke from the prison, a 'lifer,' an' they's huntin' fer him all over the State. My husband's huntin'. You look like the man."

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"I am him," Slim affirmed. Then noting that the child began to cry and that the woman trembled, he added hastily: "But ye needn't be afraid, lady. I will go as soon's I git th' coffee. I don't want to hurt no one—. But *they'd* better be careful," he added, with bitterness.

As he devoured the food he heard the woman mumbling:

"Ye oughtn't to'a done it. The Gov'ner's a good man."

After he had finished the coffee and the eggs, Slim laid the money which he had found in the pocket of the borrowed coat, upon the table, gathered up the rifle and walked to the door. He halted a moment and turning to the woman said:

"Tell 'em I'm him, lady, but they'd better stay to home with th' women folks. All I want is to be left alone. If it hadn't been fer them empty— Ugh!"

FOR two days Slim eluded his pursuers. He had made, as near as he could figure it, close to a hundred miles and was in the foothills. Another day and he would be safe in the mountains. He would probably see no more cabins until over the range. He determined to change his plans. Thus far he had traveled only at night. Now he would travel by daylight. Once he had stopped at a house and finding no one at home, had helped himself to provisions, taking bread and cheese, and some salt and coffee. With the gun he had killed a few squirrels and a pheasant. He decided to rest for a night, and had arranged a little camping spot. He had built a fire and was preparing to cook a squirrel and make a can of coffee. The smoke of his campfire ascended straight toward the sky, and Slim lay down upon the fir boughs which he had cut for a bed, and watched the curling smoke meditatively. He fell into a doze and awakened with a start a moment later. Some prowling animal, he thought, attracted by the smell of the cooking flesh, had snapped a twig. Yet something made him leap to his feet and reach for the rifle which he had left leaning against a tree a few feet away.

Before he could grasp the rifle, a man's figure appeared beyond the smoke of the campfire, and he heard a brief command.

"Don't touch that!"

Slim could see the man but dimly through the smoke. Presuming that the other had the better of the argument, he stopped abruptly.

"Are you her husband?" he asked cautiously.

There was no answer immediately, and Slim felt a sickening fear lay hold of him. Suddenly the voice of the other rang out:

"Why did you lie to me?"

"Gov'ner!" Slim gasped. "Gov'ner—I—"

WISDOM

He did not finish. He saw that the Governor was unarmed, and that he was making no attempt to cover him with a weapon of any sort. "My God!" he cried, bewilderedly. "You come here all alone fer me? You follered me an' took chances! Why I might 'a killed ye! You come clean here an'— How'd ye git here?" he demanded, a cold sweat beading his face.

"By automobile. You left a fine trail. Your campfire gave you away," the Governor explained. Then his voice was hard and cold again. "Why did you run away?"

"Honest, Gov'ner," Slim was saying earnestly, "I didn't mean to break my word. It was them ugly, empty pots—an' th' wind whisperin' to me to come—an' the hills and the mountains— Ugh! Ten years in them walls an' no mountains ner nothin'—"

Slim was aware of a movement on the part of the Governor. He knew that he was coming nearer to him, that he was beside him, that his hand was upon his shoulder; that it was not the firm, cold, unfeeling hand, or rough grasp of the officer! It was the hand of fellowship, of friendship, and for the first time in his life, Slim felt something like emotion. His heart seemed to beat spasmodically. Tears came into his eyes. His slight, worn frame shook convulsively.

"I'll go back, Gov'ner," he said quietly, "without no trouble."

WISDOM

I KNOW what the wild stars say now,
And what the seven still planets say,
And why the oak trees mourn and bow
Along the water edge all day.

I know the words of the sea-song,
And what the wheeling birds would find
That wail and circle all night long
Through the eight crossways of the wind.

Oh, I am lonely! Dim the crowd
And desolate the friended way.

I know now what winds cry aloud
And what the seven still planets say.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

SCANDINAVIAN ART AND ITS NATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE: BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article was born in Sweden and has the personal acquaintance of many of the leading painters of the north. Although American as a man and artist he gives a first hand view of the Scandinavian painters and the nationalism of their work. Mr. Reuterdahl served on the advisory committee which assisted the president of the American Scandinavian Society in formulating the first plans of the American exhibition of Scandinavian art which is given under the auspices of this society. The exhibition opens in New York, December fifteenth, and will be shown in many of our principal cities.



“**LOOK** toward the North! See the light over the horizon. Look again, how it is rising, flaming high like the Aurora. It is the light from home—it is calling you. The blue mantle over the earth is the snow turning bluer under the reflections from the dome above, and the golden sheen over the distance makes the blue more intense. Silent, somber and in dark purples stand the wooded hills above each other, receding; the bigness of it all wipes out detail, the rocks are like massive monuments against the snow, and the trees lose their outlines, melting into each other under the yellow light of dawn.

“There is spring in the air—or is it the surge of your blood! The breeze is from the North, but gentle because from home. Longing, I am pining to see the red of the farm houses, the white birches, the dark forest and its still pools—and for the yearning of the North itself—Come Home!” Thus pleaded Richard Bergh, the Swedish painter, in his intense appeal to his fellow artists—sunning themselves on the banks of the Seine or imbibing the false romanticism of New Italy.

In the early eighties, the Scandinavian painters saw the light of impressionism and cut loose from the bituminous darkness of the Munich and Dusseldorf schools. These were years of stress and the smashing of old idols. To Paris they flocked to learn the new order of things. They established a colony of opposition,—painters, authors and poets, all trying to see things their own way. Strindberg, then the young firebrand, assaulted the bureaucracy at home and wrote sonnets of spring on the studio walls of the quarter. In the summertime in Grez, a village in the Fontainebleau forest, they painted under real sunlight, found the shadows purple, and strove for breadth of technique. But somehow they were influenced by Bastien Lepage and his pale colors hung like a film over their palettes and toned down their native lust for color. Exiles in mind, these husky northerners were painting French peasants in faded grays.

But a new era was coming and a declaration of artistic independence was made. Poor, but filled with red-blood enthusiasm, this band of free thinkers returned to their own land of snow to



A PEASANT GIRL OF MORA IN HER WINTER
DRESS: FROM A PAINTING BY ANDERS ZORN.



In the Collection of Karl Piltz, Esq., Stockholm.

"IN THE JUNGLE": MODELED BY
THE SWEDISH SCULPTOR, C. MILLES.



PORTRAIT OF THE POET HANS JAEGER,
FROM A PAINTING BY HENRIK LUND.



"THE OLD CASTLE," FROM A PAINT-
ING BY PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN.

ART OUT OF THE HEART OF A RACE

batter down the academic stay-at-homes. Larsson, Zorn and Nordstrom and, among the Norwegians, Christian Krogh were to the old painters so many lunatics beyond the reasoning of man. Nevertheless the young men continued to look around their own country, and their fresh eyes found a new world of beauty in character, form and color. Awakened, they saw for themselves, and went forth in their new ways grasping for an expression which would reflect the true nature of the land and the real spirit of the people.

THE art of the north shows countries of violent contrasts, of powerful colors, of strong light and inky darkness; the lines are severe, the mountains dark and heavily silhouetted against the pale summer night. And this underlies particularly the art of the two Swedes, Liljefors and Nordstrom. As Hedberg says: "Two giant painters of the east and west coasts reaching hands across, dreaming of the big land, northward of the mountain ridges, the midnight sun and the white winter." With fired imagination the northern man has developed a peculiar sense of patriotism in paint that seem to exist nowhere else. He is a fanatic, no longer a world-drifter,—his own land is too beautiful, his own people too wondrous and the common things in their every-day life glow to him in Homeric light. Of a primitive race he worships the lowly, the toilers of the soil, the seafarers; for him the city crowd—they are only to buy pictures or sit for portraits.

The intense individuality of the northern art is but a direct outcome, racially and nationally, of the strong insularity and ingrowing patriotism of the Scandinavians. Their traditions are so old, so gripping and so simple—the sagas of the Vikings stir even the most jaded. The countries, except perhaps little Denmark, are so wrought by nature that unconsciously the small, the futile and puerile fade away and only rugged sincerity and vital expression can face tradition of nature or time. Then, too, the remarkable homogeneity of the Scandinavians as a race contributes its quota of strength and depth to all their expressions, literary, artistic, musical. Be the artist from whatever section he may, he is sure that his countrymen as a whole will understand what he is trying to say and know if his message is sincere. The bond of blood is so deep that whatever foreign element is introduced, it is at once fused with the whole—even as Grieg, half Scotch, became wholly Norwegian.

It is that common pulse, that rhythmic throb, that glow of Sweden for the Swedes, Norway for the Norwegians which make their arts as easy to recognize as is the Northman by his geographic habitat or physical trait. And in spite of, or rather because of this

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homogeneity their painters have been free to cut loose from the stereotyped and sing their own lays to any melody they chose.

That love for the open, the tradition of the homestead has driven the northern painters out of the cities to settle among subjects which inspired their brush. Their homes are fashioned like those of the locality, not foreign villas, but fitting the soil. Like Winslow Homer they live the life they paint, but not as recluses, curiosities to the neighbors. Nor is theirs a life apart, as with us.

The Norwegian is as proud of Werenskiold and Munthe as of Nansen. The Swede smiles over his own Carl Larsson and buys another picture book of the Larsson kiddies. Zorn celebrated his fiftieth birthday congratulated by Prince Eugen, who as representative of the throne arrived by special train offering the greetings of the King; the select men of the village suspended meeting and in a body paid their respects, and the peasants came in a torchlight parade—all just to honor a painter. It may not be within the scope of this article to surmise in all probability that Winslow Homer, America's great painter, crossed his half-century mark stimulated by his own society, a bottle of beer and a ham sandwich. And honor does not come alone to these men, *their pictures are bought*. At a recent exhibition in Stockholm paintings to the value of sixty-five thousand crowns were sold the first week—this in a town of the size of Cincinnati.

The writer suggested some years ago an exhibition of Swedish art in New York and the plans were laid before Karl Wahlen, art critic, the Huneker of Sweden. The reply read that the day should never come when Swedish painters would have to go abroad for support. This view, insular and even narrow, illustrated the position of the northern painter, who having a market in his native land is encouraged by his own people to do what he feels, and three meals a day plus a smoke are great factors in a man's development.

OF that bizarre muser and soul stirring painter, Edvard Munch, the Ibsen of Norwegian paint, the Christiania Museum has more than ten canvases—and the painter still in the flesh. No one can say that these visions of sickness, these passionate wild longings, high notes in paint, are there to please the mob; they were purchased by the State because of their importance to the nation's art. And the tender color and Whistlerian tones in the portraits and interiors of Hammershoi, the Dane, are not often found outside his native land. Eight of the ten examples shown in the current exhibition are from the Bramsen collection, from one man's home.

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Again Anders Zorn, truly a living impressionist of the life which moves—the play of light, shadows on mere flesh, movement, singing crowds, gestures, frowns and laughs are all his, done in a few tones and with a handful of colors. Fêted and medaled, jaded by conquest and success, he turned to his ancient birthplace and heeded the call of the soil. It was not enough for him to paint his own people, he had to live their life and make himself useful to their purpose. He revived their old traditions and made them go back to the customs and dress of their forebears—a return to brilliant hues and homemade ornaments—the natural outlet for the color sense of these primitives. Zorn rejuvenated the old forgotten lays and folklore; he built dancing pavilions in the open, and away from store-clothes civilization the old life of the peasant came back. Home among his own, Zorn is painting the Venuses of Dalecarlia, fresh chubby girls, splashing at the river's edge or half hidden behind foliage, nature's children who find no shame in posing nude for one of their own kin. Sculptor as well is Zorn, and his quivering little bronze Faun and Nymph gives that joy of life which belongs to a hefty race where neurasthenia is not even a term. His statue of Gustavus Vasa, the liberator and Sweden's first king, has the other side of the northern character, steadfastness and daring, the Viking spirit.

Even for one of northern blood it becomes difficult to absolutely characterize the difference of tendencies in Swedish and Norwegian art. The Norwegian may be more uncouth, more rugged. It is easier to place the Dane; his art is like his country, pleasant, with easy going, rolling lines, flat stretches. The domesticity of the Dane, his fondness for the good things in life, his jollity, all crop out in the national art. It does not tear your emotion, you do not argue about it as you do over Ibsen and Strindberg—you are just pleased. The vein of the national temperament, the droll whimsicality, as in Hans Christian Andersen, is to the fore in modern Danish art—of course expressed in the technique of the day and like all good art dealing with its own time. Germans stay at the cafés, but the Danes at home, and so Viggo Johansen visualizes the family ties and the unity of the hearth. His pictures, somewhat akin to those of Simon, are marvels of fresh paint, lamplight effects, mother and children around the fire or the Saturday bath. And with Johansen, Julius Paulsen's glimmering canvases give the cheery and tenderer side of the Dane. But the psychologist, the apostle of *Weltschmerz* in this joyous land is Einar Nielson, who, like Munch the Norwegian, deals with pain and infinite sorrow: while Willumsen personifies the bright gaiety of Copenhagen, its sun, the Strand life. Architecture, ceramics,

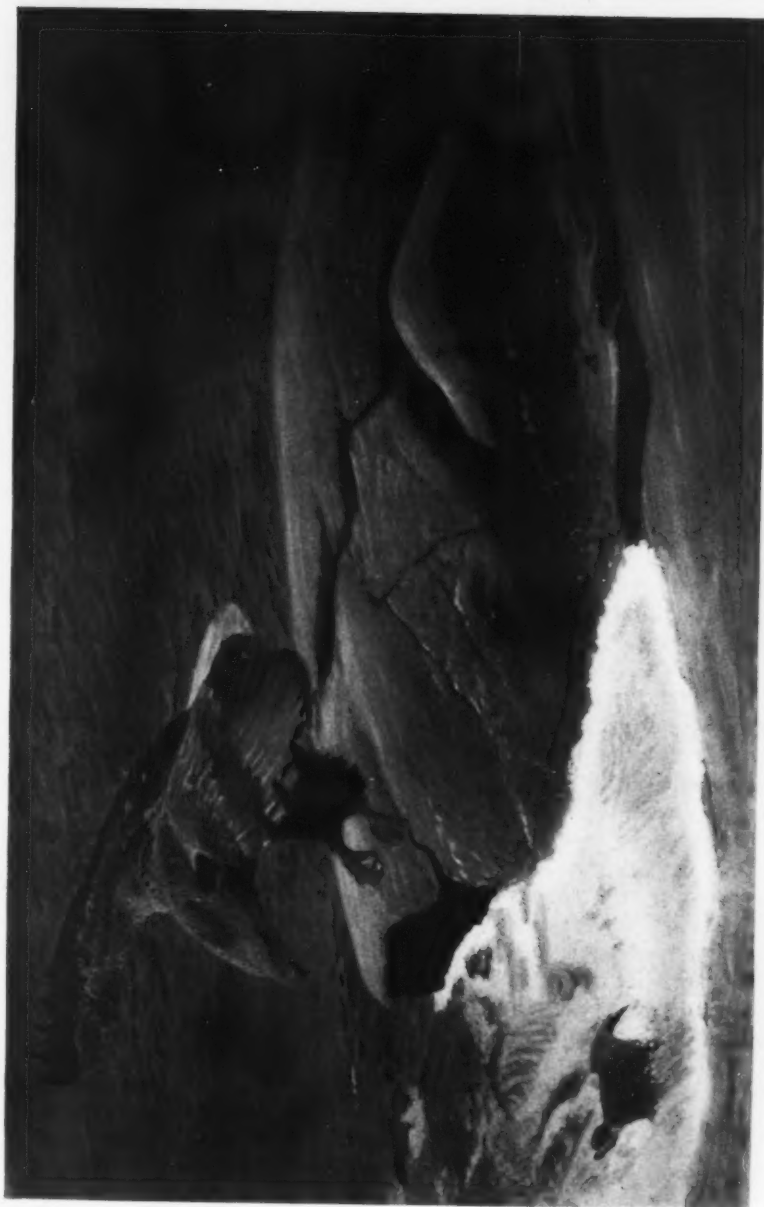
ART OUT OF THE HEART OF A RACE

sculpture are all one to his amazing talents, and his paintings of sunlight, archaic and Greek in design, Cezannelike in color are almost the last word in modernity—excluding of course, the young Matisse, who, growing on every international bush, are still men without a country.

NOW the northern painter is honest, with him technique is only the means, and like Van Gogh, he looks for the soul of the thing. His pent-up emotions, the intoxication of patriotic painter-pride over the beauty of the fatherland fires him and without knowing how or why he has given out that indescribable something which is more than paint surface. And when simple toilers make a shrine to the memory of a dead artist it is not because of his painting but because of that which lies behind it. In the islands of Lofoden, up the coast of Norway and above the Arctic Circle, lived Gunnar Berg. He painted the fishers and their storm and stress, and the gull-laden rocks. Berg died, but his studio stands there today filled with warm rich canvases, painter-joys, a set palette, fat paint tubes—just as if he had gone outside for a smoke—a mausoleum from horny-handed fishermen.

No artist is closer to the Swedish people than Carl Larsson. Almost a genius—this man has no counterpart anywhere. And supreme is his nationalism, so genuinely Swedish (their sunny side) the long summer night, hospitality, good-cheer, the flowing bowl—all are behind his brush. And all is meat to this remarkable man, great murals, water colors, oils, drawings, humor and verse. When Larsson laughs, Sweden laughs with him. Those pleasing water colors of his simple hand-made country home bubble over with charm and the impulsive humor of this never-grown-up. The peasant was becoming modernized in his common store clothes and home fittings, and Larsson's water colors came as a tract against what we would call "the folding-bed-renaissance," a protest against gaudy and overburdened architecture and a plea for the simple life and dress, a revival of the national arts and crafts.

Modern life is mostly gray in clothes and thought, everything anæmically dull and equal, Puritanically cold and "high brow," so that the color joy of the primitive comes like a blow. To the Northerner, color is vital and necessary to lighten the darkness of winter which makes day into long night; that is why the houses are red, the clothes brilliant and the colors of the household utensils virile. These things brighten the northern temperament, heavy with the sun below the horizon. The old peasant love for strong color is still a racial characteristic, and if on the decline still underlies the inspira-



SEA EAGLES. FROM A PAINT-
ING BY BRUNO LILJEFORS.



FOXES. FROM A PAINT-
ING BY BRUNO LILJEFORS.

ART OUT OF THE HEART OF A RACE

tion of the Scandinavian painter. Take that able Swede, Wilhelmson, figure painter with a color sense akin to our own Lawson, but fuller. He paints the worker, but not posed studio figures, out of flesh and blood under God's own sky. There is an Oriental, almost "ruglike" quality in his big picture of the fisherfolks rowing to church—yellow sunlight, green boats. The sad, almost too heavy faces of the devout people going to worship, reflect in the water in oily streaks and the shawl of the woman in the foreground makes an arabesquelike pattern which dominates the picture. Wilhelmson deals in big things; his underlying love and respect for labor fills his canvases; he presents the north sincerely, but without sadness.

In the north they call Liljefors the discoverer of nature. He found something in the heart of his country which no one had found before,—the magic poetry of the silent forest, the melodies of the wilderness and the deep meaning of animal life. As Whistler made night out of paint, so Liljefors created a national Swedish landscape. The deep wood where the shrill hoot of the owl breaks the eerie surge of the bending firs; the edging rocks, lashed by the open sea with the sea eagle as king—when night hangs over the snow-laden pines, with the clouds racing each other, ragged; the foxes making for shelter against the elements—these are the salient characteristics of this poet-painter.

THE coming exhibition of Swedish art in America will have several pictures by Prince Eugen, the brother of the present king, a sincere student, hard-working, not a prince who paints, but a prince of a painter. He roams around the country with his paint-box over his shoulder, freezes in the snow, and blue nosed with cold comes home with a bully sketch.

Pelle Molin, painter-poet, half Lapp, half gypsy, exotic in mind, wrote of his own rockbound lair: "I visualize my mountain home—gray houses, bunched so as not to be alone when the winter sweeps over the country. The glimmering windows are like the shining eyes of the wolf-flock, but under the light of the summer night my village lies like a herd of goats waiting for the sunrise,"—the extremes of the north where men grow hard fighting the battles of life. But under the rugged surface there is ever that strain of *Sehnsucht*, of yearning in the people and in the nature so wonderfully translated in Hesselbom's poetic canvas, "Our Country."

In Norway nature stands rugged, barren rocks swept by ocean tempests, glaciers and mountain peaks—straightforward, uncuddled—the people the same. Pugnacious and proud is the Norwegian,

ART OUT OF THE HEART OF A RACE

caring not at all for the opinion of those "above." He calls his monarch Mr. King. And his statements in paint are bald, truthful. When Christian Krogh wrote his novel and painted his picture, "Albertine," the old story of the city streets, he became a marked man and barely escaped jail. That same fearless and direct personality underlies the work of Werenskiöld whose sterling canvases of peasant life and portraits of the literary giants of Norway have given him a national and continental renown. In his footsteps follow Lund and Karsten, the former a sturdy big-hearted painter, the latter an analytical technician of high plane. The portraits of Lund carry conviction instantaneous in expression, and have that freedom of speech belonging to the descendants of Harold, Fair of Hair.

It is curious that in delineation of rugged Norwegian nature a Swedish woman, Mrs. Anna Boberg, wife of the celebrated architect, has so well succeeded and in such a manly way to penetrate the atmosphere of Northern Norway; the mountains, shimmering under the midnight sun, in winter snow-white against inky water dotted with red fishing boats.

Before me lies a little volume, "Sweden as Seen by its Artists," by Carl Laurin, filled with splendid color reproductions,—a whole-souled tribute to the brush of these men. My emotions rise as I translate its last paragraphs, brimful of appreciation of our painters and poets:

"Stockholm sleeps—In the church of the knights the chimes peal over city and water; one thinks of the great who sleep in the vaults beneath—of all those who have written and worked down in the city—and the thought goes afar, south and north, to the north under the midnight sun and with thanks we remember those who in song and paint have shown us the precious beauty of our Fatherland."

When the time comes that the people of the United States rise to such deep sense of appreciation of their poets and painters—then we shall have a truly national art, no longer an echo of abroad. These northern nations of Europe not only materially support their artists, but look upon them as national assets, figures of importance in their spiritual development. The land here is as beautiful as any, even more; our people interesting and paintable, the wonders of our great cities stirring and immense. In the fusing of races there have arisen big American painters, Winslow Homer, the greatest national figure; and among the younger living there are men whose art belongs here exclusively,—Bellows and Luks, the most American of all. But even a century of painters cannot establish an art national in spirit without the encouraging support of the people.

And this shall be America's great lesson from the north.

SWEDEN—A NATION OF CRAFTSMEN: BY HENRY GODDARD LEACH



EFNADSLUST they call it in Sweden, the "Joy of Life," the love of work for the working, the whole-souled mirth of healthful play. Not that the word itself slips from lip to lip at the breakfast tables of Stockholm; it is a definition sacred to poets, they who solve the great equations and reduce the unknown quantities of life to their simplest terms.

Lefnadslust is that which every Swedish peasant breathes, that which even the mechanic in the city is beginning to experience, in that vigorous Northern land where craftsmanship is no longer the pastime of a few but the buoyant expression of a nation.

Those who are so fortunate as to visit this season the exhibit of Swedish Industrial Art imported by the Swedish Club of Chicago, will appreciate the external results of this national awakening in Sweden. They will see beaten silver chased with the sun-wheels and dragon motives of pagan antiquity; they will see the gossamer lace of the peasant women of Vadstena, the hand-carved tables, the white linen woven on the farm, the tapestries and gay woolen stuffs of Dalecarlia. They will see also machine-made articles which reveal, in beauty of line and color, the competition and inspiration of handicraft. What they cannot see, however, are the rosy cheeks, the clear and confident eyes; nor can they hear the laughter and song of the craftsmen.

But he who writes has both seen and heard. He has returned at evening with hale old grandfather from the furrow, and sat beside him at his bench, in one corner of the great, low-raftered living-room, while he carved a bowl out of birch; he has bent over grandmother with her needle; heard son Erik hammering his kettle; watched wife Karen at her loom, while fourteen-year-old Oscar played the fiddle; and what is more, he has danced with granddaughter, flaxen haired Ebba, through the multi-colored midsummer night, amid a thousand whirling figures of flushed youth, singing folk-songs of wooing, as old and as young again as the pagan past.

THE Swedish peasant is not as other peasants. He has an advantage, almost unfair, in his ancestry. In Viking days a freeholder, free he has remained, each farmer his own squire, never cowed and subdued by feudalism into the dejected pose of the Man with the Hoe. Throughout the Middle Ages and down to modern times the farmsteads of Sweden were alive with hand industry, each family growing its own dye and wool, and producing clothing in the gorgeous patterns peculiar to each separate parish.

SWEDEN—A NATION OF CRAFTSMEN

There came a break, however, in this proud tradition. The nineteenth century brought, with other blessings, the machine. It became cheaper to send flax and wool to the cities to be made into inferior stuffs and black clothes uniform for all. City folk laughed at the old-fashioned, fantastic peasant dress. The spinning wheel stopped whirring. The hammer lay idle on the anvil. The young people, many of them, went to the city to work in the factory, while still more crossed the sea to America with its promise of gold. Those who remained at home on the farm became discouraged, shiftless, and easy victims of disease; for the color had gone out of their lives just as it had gone out of their clothes. As for the old tapestries, it is said that some of the most beautiful patterns are lost forever.

Tradition was broken; but here the arts and crafts movement stepped in. The year eighteen hundred and seventy marked the beginning of the crusade,—six years before American industry received its artistic shock at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Why mention names? The movement was national. Into the museums of Stockholm a Swedish Mæcenas, Arthur Hazelius, foreseeing the total extinction of household industries, hurried specimens of what remained of the old home arts. Here the foreign guest may study them today. At the same time, in eighteen hundred and seventy-four, some public spirited citizens founded at Naas a school of sloyd,—the name *sloejd* as well as the conception is Swedish,—to direct teachers of manual training who should go out to cultivate in the youth of Sweden and other lands a respect for manual toil, a dexterity of hand, and an appreciation for grace of line and form.

Not content with school sloyd, the crusade aimed directly at the home. In eighteen hundred and seventy-four a group of intelligent women in Stockholm founded the first Swedish society for the rejuvenation of home textiles, naming it The Friends of Handiwork. Their leader, Baroness Adlersparre, appealed to the æsthetic by showing how handiwork developed an artistic sense and added charm to home life; to the practical, by claiming that Swedish peasant women could in this way gain subsistence without leaving the farm.

The Friends of Handiwork met with no easy task. Teachers had first to be trained and sent out through the country districts urging the women to return again to their forsaken looms. They carried with them from farm to farm patterns and models. When they found a grandmother who remembered the pattern of a forgotten lace, they promptly commissioned her as schoolmistress and gathered about her a group of willing pupils. A market also they had to find, and for this purpose they established a network of provincial depots with a central shop in the capital.



TWO DESIGNS FOR PANELS IN
A TAPESTRY BY ANDERS ZORN.



TWO VIEWS IN THE GREAT LIVING ROOM IN THE HOME OF ANDERS ZORN, MORA: FURNISHED THROUGH-OUT WITH THE WORK OF SWEDISH CRAFTSMEN.



A SWEDISH PEASANT WOMAN, PICTURESQUE AND CONTENT, KNITTING BY HER HEARTHSTONE.

THE WIFE OF CARL LARSSON, THE SWEDISH PAINTER, BUSY IN HER LINEN ROOM WHICH IS FURNISHED IN TYPICAL SWEDISH STYLE, THE WORK OF HER HUSBAND WHO IS CRAFTSMAN AS WELL AS PAINTER.



A BIT OF RARE SWEDISH TAPESTRY, ILLUSTRATING
FOLK SONG: DESIGNED BY MARTHA PRALTERSTROM.
OLD SWEDISH HAUTE LISSE TAPESTRY: PEASANT
WORK FROM SKANE.



SWEDISH DESIGN FOR SCONCE.



MODERN SWEDISH LAMP.



SWEDISH DESIGN FOR FIRE DOGS.



A SWEDISH PIANO, THE CASE DESIGNED AND CARVED IN THE HOME OF AND BY THE OWNER.



YOUNG WOMEN OF SELMA LAGERLOF'S PROVINCE IN SWEDEN,—WOOL CARDERS AND TYPICAL PEASANT WOMEN OF THAT REGION, VIGOROUS, HAPPY AND GOOD-LOOKING.

LACE MAKERS OF MOCKFJERD IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT COLORED NATIVE DRESS, FAMOUS AS WORKERS, WIVES AND BEAUTIES.

SWEDEN—A NATION OF CRAFTSMEN

Other societies followed, which extended the revival of handicraft into the fields of metal, wood and clay. In eighteen hundred and ninety-nine the artist prince, Eugen, and a group of friends, established the Home Sloyd Union, which has been the means of bringing a new interest into the homes of artisans similar to that felt upon the farms. In the salesroom of the Union at Stockholm, articles can be purchased to supply every practical need of the home.

THE crusade for handicrafts has been successful in Sweden as in no other land. Incidentally, it has added millions of dollars annually to the economic prosperity of the nation. Into one formerly poverty stricken farming village the revival of homemade basketry is bringing thirty thousand dollars a year; in another, lace making adds an equal amount; in a third parish, the old men, too old for toil in the fields, earn twenty thousand dollars a year by carving furniture. Home crafts have saved many a farm from desolation and made it possible for the peasant population, in the face of industrial competition, to remain in possession of their ancestral estates. Emigration to America has materially abated, and many emigrants are returning to their old homes. Far from infringing upon machine industries, arts and crafts have, on the other hand, compelled the factory to produce more beautiful and durable objects.

But more important than external economic prosperity is the exuberance of life and health which their beautiful toil brings to the workmen in Sweden. If you doubt it, go into the north, to Dalecarlia; visit the parish of Mockfjerd in summer, and see a group of glad-eyed women gathered under the birch trees about a table decked with pillows and bobbins and piles of delicate lace. Their clothing,—kerchief and bodice and apron,—embroidered with a gay flower pattern, in keeping with the perpetual springtime of their moods. Or stop by the roadside in Vermland and watch a gay family party, grandmother and grandchildren, breaking and scutching flax amid story-telling and fun and frolic. If you are playful you will receive a baptism of soft white chaff showered on you by nimble hands.

Another evidence of the return of youth to the nation is the revival of national dress. One Swedish princess requires peasant costume of all her ladies-in-waiting at her summer court. The artist Zorn, when at home, goes about in the blue knickerbockers and white leather apron that are traditional to the men of Mora. It is not merely a fad for the few. There are villages in Dalecarlia where, on the sabbath, every man, woman and child goes to church in a costume into which mother or wife has woven her own intimate expres-

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sion of the beautiful, and which symbolises for the wearer the joy of worship.

A gorgeous spectacle they present on the road home from church. Each parish has its own fashion,—the cockade of Rättvik, the striped apron of Leksand, the red braid in the hair of the Mora girl,—while the connoisseur recognizes at once the more subtle badges which distinguish maid from mother, and wife from widow. The effect is unlike anything in Europe,—more varied than the gala costume of Brittany, more decorative than the dress of the Bavarian peasant,—almost Asiatic in its richness. Yet the total disregard for modern fashions and Parisian modes does not impress one as retrograde or ridiculous even in up-to-date Sweden, where the telephone service is the best and clearest in the world. The knickerbockers of the men are more comfortable than trousers, and cannot the farmer's daughter ring the telephone and ride her bicycle to market in a scarlet bodice and a dainty white embroidered kerchief?

THERE is a girl in Mora named Margot, a Swedish type, whose flaxen hair nature, by special favor, has ripened into gold.

Like many of the girls in Mora, she has sat for Zorn, the artist, and her beauty has gone abroad to delight thousands to whom Sweden is nothing but a geographical name. Margot gave the American visitor a stool opposite herself in the *spis*,—the hearth in the corner,—and they sat facing each other, sharing the evening meal of sago pudding and strawberries, while her aged mother knitted and knitted incessantly, smiling approval on the foreigner who could enter into the spirit of a Swedish farm. The American asked the story of the old fairy-tale tapestry which hung on the wall, of the rows of shining kettles suspended from the cross-beams, of the arm-chair with dragon's claws which grandpa had carved. Her own costume also Margot explained; why the fronting of her woolen skirt was green; how Anders Zorn, the artist, insisted that the girls of Mora observe the custom of braiding a red ribbon in their hair.

"And now," she added, "I have just finished making my new winter cloak."

"Would that I could see it," cried the American.

"Shall I?" she asked, with a laugh, and an inquiring look at her mother. The nod must have meant approval, for Margot ran lightly from the room, and quickly returned transformed into a queen of winter, a Freyja of the north. Her close fitting cloak was of that heavy woolen fabric which the northern peoples call *vadmal*, stained scarlet and lined with soft, lamb's fleece, peeping out white around the edges. A red and white turban half concealed her curls. Picture

SWEDEN—A NATION OF CRAFTSMEN

this glorious Swedish girl as Zorn has seen her, with sparkling eyes, in her warm red habit in midwinter, speeding on skis over the white snow fields!

The American saw also the "linen press" with its fresh, new table cloths, its rugs and hangings. They were not for the farm; they were to be sent up to Stockholm with grandfather's pots and grandmother's lace, where their sale should add materially to the modest income from cows and crops.

Every summer Margot drives the herds up to the mountain and lives in the little chalet, boiling the winter's supply of cheese. Even here the artists follow her, not Zorn alone, but also his friends, and a sculptor from Denmark and a "lady painter" from Finland over the sea, not so much on account of the accidental glory of her hair as to snatch and preserve the radiance of life that she has won from her toil.

Margot's proudest treasure, after her winter costume, is an etching of herself by Zorn. A cloud swept across her face for an instant when the thoughtless American told her that he had seen it before in New York and Paris.

Zorn himself is an artisan as well as an artist. At home in Mora he is not only a painter, but a master wood-carver and a master blacksmith, while his wife goes from farm to farm, teaching the women new patterns in needlework and weaving.

Carl Larsson, the painter of the home, is another of the master craftsmen. His "House in the Sun" was built, furnished and decorated largely by the very hands of this Viking giant and untiring worker. His wife and children, familiar in picture books in practically every Swedish home, are in reality happier even than they are painted. "Larssons'" is a paradise of activity and contentment.

The arts and crafts movement has been in no small degree responsible for the renaissance of the fine arts which meets every visitor to the public buildings and galleries of Sweden today. Still more has it contributed to the happiness of a united people, who are learning more and more each year to combine play and beauty with toil and utility in a sane and joyous expression of life.

PICTURESQUE BRIDGES OF THE CONOCO- CHEAGUE RIVER: BY HELEN ASHE HAYS



UCH has been said and written in praise of bridges, and even though we do not stop to analyze their charm, we are not the less affected by it. Bridges stand for security, for neighborliness, traffic and intercourse; and in many cases they possess a high degree of architectural interest. Many also have the "line of beauty," and adding immeasurably to their picturesque quality is their "double," the unsubstantial image which trembles in the water, and by which, repeated as in a mirror, the arch is made into a circle—a glorified hoop of light.

The surroundings, too, are apt to be more or less attractive, for water brings fruitfulness, and about a bridge is usually a growth of vines and underbrush, and groups of water-loving trees. Or, if the land is flat and fertile, harvest fields come down to the water's edge. This fruitfulness along the waterside no doubt gave rise to the old German legend, that in years of prosperity the spirit of Charlemagne would cross over the Rhine on a bridge of gold, to bless the vineyards and harvest fields.

Every language has its proverbs on bridges. The feeling of safety they inspire is expressed in this canny Scotch saying:

"Praise the bridge which carries you over;

Praise the ford as you find it."

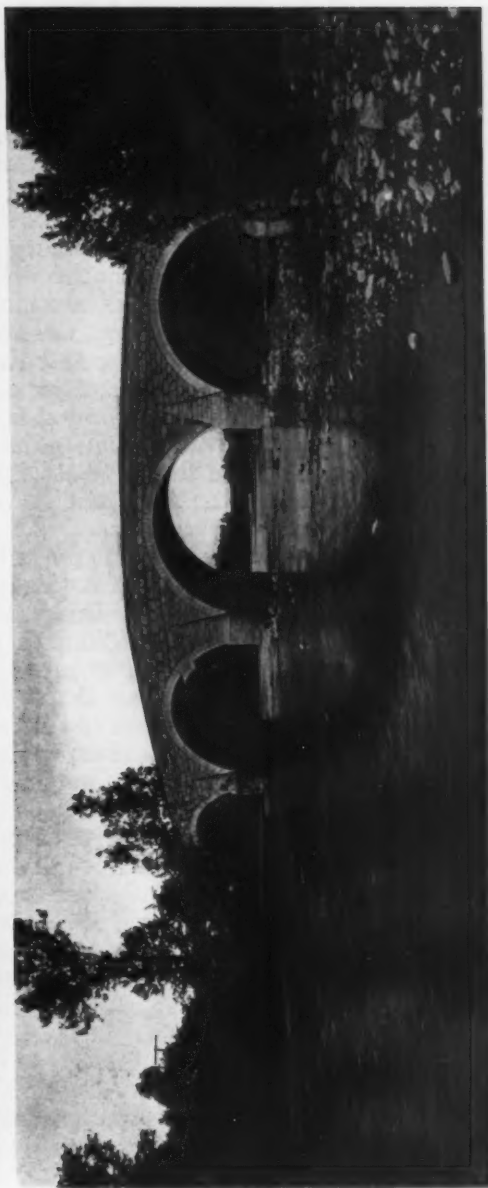
There is a terse Latin proverb of danger:

"Between the bridge and the stream!

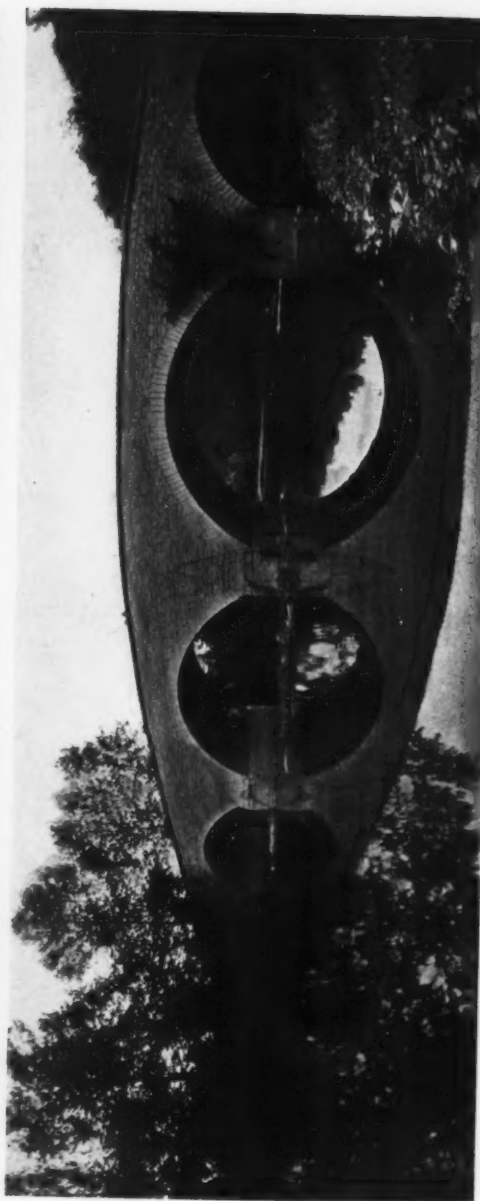
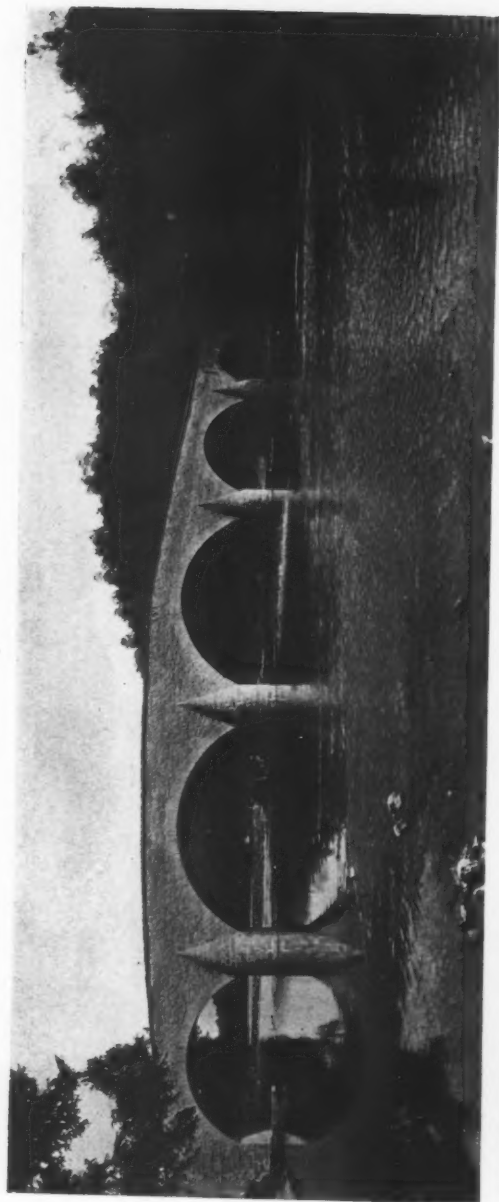
Between the sword and the throat!"

And doubtless this familiar saying inspired St. Augustine's expression, "The Lord's mercy may be found between the bridge and the stream."

In some countries there is great difficulty in bridging streams. They are the dry lands, where rivers shrink in summer and the water meanders like a silver thread through a wide waste of sand, sometimes disappearing altogether to reappear far down the river bed. Over these sandy bottoms no bridge is needed for months, but when the rains come, such arroyos are filled with roaring floods, wild wastes of water, swirling from bank to bank, menacing everything with destruction. It takes structures of Roman build to bridge them safely. It is in the temperate countries, with narrow streams, that the rural bridge is found at its best. The water flows peacefully between deep banks, and stone arches thrown across afford safe passage to the traveler. Such are the old bridges given in this series of pictures, which carry country roads across the Conococheague, a stream in western Maryland, flowing under the slopes of the North



THE BRIDGE WHICH CARRIES THE NATIONAL ROAD
ACROSS THE CONOCOCHIEGUE
THE CONOCOCHIEGUE BRIDGE NEAR WILLIAMSPORT.



THE BRIDGE AT MERCERSBURGH, HIGH UP THE STREAM.
THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY PLACED BRIDGE OF ALL, AT
BROADFORDING.

BEAUTIFUL BRIDGES OF THE CONOCOCHEAGUE

Mountain, and emptying its waters into the Potomac. It is a prosperous, agricultural country, a limestone region, and this native stone has been used to build these bridges, which brings them intimately into the landscape.

WHERE the Conococheague joins the Potomac, is the town of Williamsport. Just above the village, a beautiful grey bridge of four arches carries the old road over the stream. It stands high out of the water, and is set in a picturesque neighborhood. Above it are the ruins of an old stone mill; below, an aqueduct carries the Chesapeake and Ohio canal across its mouth. Williamsport was one of the first sites proposed for the national Capital, a suggestion which provoked much sarcasm. "Where is this Conocojee?" the politicians of the day inquired, and the uncouth word became a party cry. Williamsport for many years seemed willing to live on the glory of that lost possibility, and on the traffic brought to it by the canal; but now a large tannery has given life and some turbulence to the town. It is a village where one finds ancient stone houses, small and thick-walled, set below the level of the street, and these give it an air of stability and antiquity.

At the foot of the hill, the waters of the canal slide silently by. Canal boats, with fascinating motion, glide between the narrow banks. Snubbing posts mark the course, and the immemorial mule kicks and squeals his way along the tow-path. Sometimes the family pig sticks his face out of the little window at the end of the boat, and grins familiarly at the passer-by. To see canal boats go through locks is something that can never pall through use or custom. There is something in the rise and fall of the water, the rushing tide, the dripping gates, the even motion of the boat, effortless as the progress of a swan, and in the mere mechanical maneuver, which never loses its interest and charm. The boat glides down the canal, as stately as the barges of Venice. The lock-keeper saunters out from a gossip with his cronies, and all the idlers stand about to watch the boat go through the lock. The rope dips, the mules are released, the boatmen take their ease, the water swells, pours and rushes; the great, clumsy gates with their levers and bars swing into place, shut and open. The boat drops to its new level, the mule shakes his ears, kicks, squeals a protest, and takes up his ambling pace along the tow-path. The show is over for the time; but soon again the clear sound of a horn, away up the long ribbon of the canal, in the blue distance of the mountain, tells that another slow, mysterious barge is gliding down, and calls the keeper to take it quietly and comfortably through the lock.

BEAUTIFUL BRIDGES OF THE CONOCOCHIEAGUE

BUT we have strayed from our bridges. Let us take a glance at the most famous one which carried a branch of the National Road across the Conococheague—the Western Pike, as it is now called. This was the road from Baltimore to Cumberland, where it joined the National Road. It was the first great thoroughfare from east to west, and connected the seaboard with the country beyond the Alleghenies. Today we hear a great deal of the lure of the road, and its appeal to adventurous spirits; but in its heyday, there never was a road with more of that appeal to the wandering spirit of mankind than this Western Pike. It took men through almost unbroken forests to the great prairies of the West. When it was made, the streams of the country were crossed by wooden bridges, but after the makers of the Great Road had built these fine stone arches, the men of Washington County built up and down the streams, on both sides of the valley, the stone bridges which are now such a beautiful feature of the country.

This pioneer bridge has five arches. Dusty fields on one side come down to a pebbly beach, but hills rise from the western bank, and the road goes up to the old town of Clearspring. A log church stood near the bridge a century and a half ago. The tract on which it rested was called "The Mountain of Wales," and the road was then called the "Washington Road." When it was made into a turnpike, an immense amount of traffic went over it. Now the automobile takes the place of the family coach, the motor omnibus replaces the stage.

But of all the bridges of the Conococheague, the one at Broadfording is the favorite. It is near a tract which was named "High Germany," and here again an old church, on the hilltop nearby, overlooked the "meanderings of the Conococheague." Steep, wooded hills come down to the stream, shutting out the world with their green curtains. Under arching boughs one comes down the declivity to the quiet stretch of water. There is not a house in sight, or any hint of humanity except the bridge. Its gentle rise and perfect curves make it a thing of delight, and the reflection of its arches forms perfect circles. Beyond it rise the "Pine Hills," noted for their flowers—dogwood, redbud and azaleas in spring, violet and purple asters under the red autumn foliage of oaks and maples.

Next, up the stream, is the bridge near Mercersburgh, another beautiful structure. Each has its own charm, its peculiar associations. They lend much to the interest of drives through this part of western Maryland, and set a standard, both adequate and beautiful, for the crossing of streams by country roads.

THE GREAT VALUE OF BIRD SANCTUARIES: BY T. GILBERT PEARSON



STANDING on the levee of the lower Mississippi River, the eye of the traveler wanders in all directions over a vast expanse of wild salt marsh which sweeps eastward along the Gulf Coast line toward the swamps of Mississippi, and westward to the timber lands and prairies of Texas. Through these interminable sea meadows there meander numerous creeks and narrow tide channels extending many miles inland until the higher lands are reached. The grasses of this boundless marsh, as well as the watery sod beneath, teem with many forms of insect and crustacean life, and the surface of the creeks is continually rippled by a million schools of little fish. This abundance of small forms of life seems to have been designed by Nature to supply food for the wild birds which here abound. If the time be summer, rails and gallinules call from the tangles; and the great lordly grackles, with the sunshine glistening from their purple wings, pound ponderously overhead. Seaside finches dart in and out of the cover, or cling swaying to a stalwart rush while they voice their joy of life in the marsh. Herons of many species feed along the creek shores or slowly wing their way northward to their nests in the swamps.

Winter lays its finger but lightly on this country of the far Southland, and the waters are never frozen, so the bird life is abundant the year around,—the population simply changing with the seasons. With the first suggestion of the cold nights of autumn, the ducks and geese which have passed the summer on the lakes or tundras of the far north begin to arrive. With them also come the hunters, men from the higher lands who often bring in their boats outfits for camping. All winter long they remain, and hardly ever is the air free from the roar of their guns. The mallard, black duck, pintail, widgeon, teal, canvas back and wild geese are all savory food for mankind, and the markets of the world bid high for them at so much per head. It has been stated that during the winter of nineteen hundred and nine and nineteen hundred and ten the hunters of Louisiana gathered four million game birds. These figures, being official, are probably much below the number actually killed.

Living in the midst of this prodigality of bird life, Mr. E. I. McIlhenny, who is a bird lover by profession and a successful business man incidentally, saw the possibilities of a great game preserve the like of which had never been established in the Southern States. On his own lands, perhaps ten miles north of Vermilion Bay, he prohibited shooting and by artificial means established a colony of herons in the small trees surrounding a pond near his house. These birds

THE GREAT VALUE OF BIRD SANCTUARIES

increased so rapidly under protection that in a few years fully twenty thousand herons were nesting here, and he now finds it necessary to haul annually from a distance many wagon loads of twigs to provide the birds materials for nests. Here today exists perhaps the largest colony of snowy egrets in the United States. In nineteen hundred and ten, coöperating with Mr. Charles W. Ward, he purchased a tract of eighteen thousand acres of adjoining marsh land and presented it to the State of Louisiana as a perpetual refuge for wild birds. Just off Vermilion Bay and closely adjoining this reservation, lies Marsh Island, seventy-five thousand acres in extent. Of all the lower coast region, this has perhaps been the most ideal spot for the market hunter to ply his trade. Literally tens of thousands of wild fowl have been killed here annually by the men who shoot for the money their guns will bring them. Last spring Mr. McIlhenny and Mr. Ward came to New York filled with the idea of having some one buy this island in order that it might be preserved as a game refuge. It seemed to many a rather large undertaking to raise the necessary funds for such a purchase. How well they succeeded is told in the press dispatches sent out from New York on September twenty-nine, nineteen hundred and twelve, stating that Mrs. Russell Sage had, by an expenditure of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, purchased Marsh Island, and that for all time to come the plume hunter and market shooter would be banished from its confines. The full extent of the value of the efforts by these Louisiana gentlemen and Mrs. Sage to preserve the wild water fowl of America can best be told by the appreciative Americans in the years to come.

ANOTHER private effort at bird protection on a large scale was undertaken two years ago by Mr. Henry Ford of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Ford owns a farm of two thousand one hundred acres, not many miles from the city. His estate is a land of hills, glens, fields, open groves and forests. In other words, it is a typical upland farm of the Middle West, and normally the character of bird life which inhabits it is similar to that found generally throughout the State. Meadow larks, doves and finches of many forms frequent the fields. Thrushes, thrashers, orioles and warblers haunt the thickets; while chickadees, nuthatches and woodpeckers patrol the boles and limbs of the trees making their daily round in quest of insects or their eggs and larvæ. Now Mr. Ford is another man who loves birds and likes to have them about him; then, too, he appreciates the fact that the bird inhabitants of the land are of great value to agriculture and forestry because of the numbers of injurious insects which they destroy, and the vast quantities of noxious weed seeds they consume.

THE GREAT VALUE OF BIRD SANCTUARIES

The number of birds to be found in any given locality is dependent on the food supply, water, suitable nesting sites and adequate safety from their natural enemies. Mr. Ford determined to increase these favorable conditions on his farm. He went about this in the same thorough business-like manner which has made him so successful in the world of affairs. His first move was to employ the services of Mr. Jefferson Butler, hitherto the Secretary of the Michigan State Audubon Society and a man on familiar terms with the wild birds of his State. Mr. Butler for some time devoted his attention to making a thorough ornithological survey of the Ford farm. This has resulted up to date in the identification of one hundred and six forms of wild birds.

Boxes of a character suitable for nesting were made or purchased and fastened to trees or poles at frequent intervals throughout the woodlands. Shrubs or trees which produce fruit of a character esteemed by birds were encouraged to grow. For the winter birds feeding stations were established, tempting provisions being placed on elevated platforms each of which had a cover to protect it from the rain and snow. To be more exact, it may be stated that in the autumn of nineteen hundred and eleven ten thousand fruit bearing shrubs were planted. During the winter sixteen feeding stations were kept constantly supplied with bird food, consisting of cracked corn, wheat, hemp, European and American millet, sunflower seed and buckwheat. Besides this interesting menu two hundred pounds of suet were used. Some of this, in its natural form, was tied to the limbs of trees but most of it was made into cakes filled with hemp seed.

PATCHES of sunflowers were planted this year in various open places. These not only added beauty to the landscape but were highly appreciated as a food supply for the birds. Long before the ligules of the yellow involucre had faded, the inquisitive nuthatch had discovered and showed to the goldfinch the world of goodies in each sunflower head. Food was provided to suit the taste of every member of the one hundred and six varieties of birds as far as this was possible. Some covies of bobwhite made their home on the Ford farm and for these, patches of buckwheat were grown and left to go to seed. There is no reason why a seed-eating bird should go hungry on the Ford farm. Water for drinking and bathing purposes was abundantly supplied at most seasons by Rouge River and a large creek which winds about among the hills. Last winter, when the severe weather covered the fields and streams with an icy blanket, snow was ingeniously melted to supply a drink even on the coldest day. In one of the receptacles a song sparrow was seen to enjoy a bath on a freezing morning in January.

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The difference in the Ford and McIlhenny plans of operation is as wide as the conditions of territory and bird life with which they are dealing. The one seeks to protect birds by bringing about a condition which will prohibit their slaughter, the other having but little to fear from this source goes a pace farther and aims to attract birds to his farm sanctuary by making it a bird paradise. Both have the same noble aim, namely, the protection and increase of our native American birds. Both plans are highly practicable and will doubtless be equally resultful of success.

THE propagation of game birds and animals for shooting purposes has long been an established custom, particularly in various countries of Europe. In England today there are many farms on which as many as eight or ten thousand pheasants or wild ducks are raised annually for profit, and there are more than twenty thousand professional gamekeepers. Game preserves maintained for shooting purposes in the United States have become comparatively common only in recent years. During the past two decades they have rapidly increased in number and today there are many hundreds, if not thousands, maintained by clubs or individuals throughout the country. A small per cent. of these provide hatcheries, but the owners of by far the larger majority depend entirely upon conserving the native stock by protecting the birds from their natural enemies and especially from the inroads of the shooting public.

The general term "game preserve" as almost universally applied refers to a boundary of land whereon birds or game animals are "preserved" for the private shooting of the owners and their guests. The McIlhenny and Ford preserves, however, like the Government Bird Reserves and those owned and guarded by the Audubon Societies, have been established and maintained for the purpose of preserving bird life for the public weal, and it is not intended that the birds which frequent the protected areas shall ever be shot or otherwise disturbed.

A few of the State Governments have been showing a disposition of late to adopt the same broad idea of bird protection. For example, in the State forests of Pennsylvania various areas amounting in the aggregate to many thousands of acres are now patrolled by guards, whose chief duties consist of ridding the neighborhood of all predatory birds and animals which destroy song- and game-birds. By means of poison and guns immense numbers of hawks and weasels especially, are brought to bag. We have the authority of Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, executive officer of the State Game Commission, for the statement that many birds have increased in numbers under this system. The State Game Protective authorities of Indiana for a few years past have

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been encouraging the farmers to discontinue shooting on their lands, by furnishing them with game birds for propagation after the owners of a number of contiguous farms have signed agreements to permit no shooting on their lands.

THE most extensive efforts yet put forward in this country in the matter of establishing bird sanctuaries have been those inaugurated by the Federal Government under various acts of Congress. In addition to the fifty-five bird reserves, which include many vastly important breeding territories of water birds, there are several national parks wherein the wild feathered life receive absolute protection from hunters at all seasons of the year. The most important of these parks are Yellowstone, Wyoming; the National Zoological and Rock Creek Parks, District of Columbia; Sequoia, Yosemite and General Grant Parks in California; Mount Ranier, Washington; Crater Lake, Oregon; Wind Cave, South Dakota; and Glacier, Montana. These ten parks occupy a total area of four million, three hundred and twenty thousand, four hundred and ninety acres.

We might go even farther and mention the Federal protected Battle Grounds of Chickamauga, Antietam, Shiloh, Gettysburg and Vicksburg, on which birds are protected at all times.

More important for bird preservation than all the Federal and State reserves and all the game farms of the country is the ever increasing number of American lawns and gardens where the owner never permits any bird or its nest to be disturbed by the hand of man. Throughout our country every year thousands of thoughtful and appreciative men and women are exerting their influence on behalf of the birds. The feeding place in one yard, the drinking fountain in another and a little group of bird boxes on poles, scattered about the lawns and in rear gardens all do their part toward the great cause of conserving America's wild bird life. Any one who has a farm or a small estate, or even a little garden patch, can by these simple methods not only enjoy the privilege of having wild birds for his neighbors, but may also have the satisfaction of knowing that he is helping to increase one of our most interesting and valuable natural assets.

The National Association of Audubon Societies, with headquarters at nineteen hundred and seventy-four Broadway, has for free distribution to all interested parties leaflets giving practical directions for feeding birds in winter and providing nesting places for them in summer. No one who seriously undertakes this joyous work of attracting birds about his home is likely to lose interest in the subject, and the results will well repay the small effort involved.

ADVENTURES IN PHOTOGRAPHY



MODERN photography has recently been called the art medium of democracy, and to a great extent this is true. As a matter of fact, in spite of the current belief to the contrary, all art in its inception belongs to democracy rather than aristocracy. It is only after it has been born in the hearts of the people, that art may eventually become the precious and elaborate possession of the aristocracy. And that is only because it has grown valuable and must naturally pass through the wider money channels of commerce. The history of all art, music, painting, sculpture, shows it as cradled in the primitive and usually humble walks of life, and only recognized as valuable in the drawing room or museum after time or fame has idealized it.

Although the creations of the camera have in recent years acquired a definite value and a definite place in the more elaborate world, still because the envelope of this art is a mechanical production it has become the widely recognized, widely used art of the people. It is within the reach of practically everyone who would claim the joy of using it. Owning a camera does not mean possessing a large income, neither does it mean far journeys to old worlds to study the technique of using it. The technique of the camera is the artistic preception of the man or woman who employs it, and the material for the subjects are the people in the streets, the people in the shops, the people in the city parks or the country lanes, and the parks and the country lanes, too, furnish nourishment for this modern and intelligent art. Happily for the mass of people who have found much interest in it, it involves no expense for an elaborate system of training and no famous master is necessary; for if you study your camera, if you are interested in your subjects, if you are sincere with yourself, the little instrument itself becomes a teacher of the widest range of interest and experience. The minute you begin to use the camera you begin to think, to eliminate, to select, to compose, and so the very employment of the art of photography becomes a source of your own artistic development.

We feel that in the four photographs which we have selected to use as illustrations for this article we are proving our point. Each one of these photographs reproduces a subject which in itself might have escaped the eye untrained by the camera; yet each one presents its subject idealized, or at least dramatized by the individuality of the artist who took the picture, for every human being sees life from a different perspective. All visions of nature, or of human beings, come to us drenched with our own outlook, hallowed or warped by our own personality.

Our illustrations were selected from an exhibition given to illus-



"THE GIANT PALMS," FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.



"TWILIGHT ACROSS THE HUDSON,"
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL STRUSS.



"SPRING," FROM A PHOTO-
GRAPH BY GEORGE H. SEELEY.



"AT THE WINDOW," FROM A PHOTO-
GRAPH BY CLARENCE H. WHITE.

ADVENTURES IN PHOTOGRAPHY

trate the progress of the art of photography in America, held recently in the Montross Art Galleries in New York. The rooms in which the photographs were most artistically hung, were decorated and arranged by Max Weber and the result was the most interesting presentation of a collection of photographs that it has been our good fortune to see. This collection was as a matter of fact, really a rare and convincing one—one hundred and forty-eight photographs were shown, the work of thirty-four American artists. Some of the artists we have known long; others were new to us. Among the latter we especially wish to call attention to Karl Struss, whose photograph, "The East River," we are showing this month.

THE other three pictures which we reproduce are by Alvin Langdon Coburn, George H. Seeley and Clarence White. These men were preëminent in the exhibition and all old friends of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, whose work we have enjoyed presenting from time to time in the magazine, as among the most truly progressive and creative of the American photographers, men whose artistic impulse, as well as personality, is shown in their achievement with the camera. In addition to the picture of Mr. Coburn's, shown here, he displayed at the gallery an interesting collection of photographs of the West, revealing to us the splendid beauty of our strange, mysterious, western mountain world.

Another old friend of this exhibition was Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier. Her work, as usual, reveals the intimate American family life, with all its grace and kindness and tenderness. Her pictures are masterpieces of photography, possessing in addition a heart-searching appeal. Among the most virile photographs exhibited were Dr. Arnold Genthe's. His collection of pictures was one of great variety and real interest. Again one feels the value of personality, for his pictures, with all their strength and charm, were quite different from any others in the exhibition.

We have spoken of photography as a training and art. We should also like to dwell particularly on its value in luring people away to beautiful rural worlds. The man with the camera, though interested in metropolitan conditions, is pretty certain eventually to want the variety of real life in his camera book. The scent of the spring park will touch his desire for the wide, living country, and in the fall, the rustle of the lonely leaf falling from the city tree, will bring back memories of autumn gorgeousness, and lo, the Indian summer day will find him on the rural highway, camera in hand, his spirit of adventure roused, his heart singing, his joy in life increased a hundred fold.

THE ANGELUS

We are told in the foreword of the catalogue of the Exhibition of Photography that the purpose of the exhibition is, in the first place, to give the public an opportunity to see the newer work which is being done in "picture taking," and in the second place, to give the photographers an opportunity of presenting their work in a beautiful and dignified manner. Certainly both of these purposes were achieved, for in going over the exhibition for a third time the fact was brought home to us that the work the modern art photographers are doing will certainly develop in a wide way, throughout this country, our understanding and love of the beautiful, as well as our enjoyment and appreciation of life itself in both city and country.

THE ANGELUS.

THEY stand within the field at prayer,
The rustic man and maid,
While silvery thro' the amber air
The angel's song is played!

They bow their heads in gratitude
For gift of life and health;
And for content—their highest good,
And love their only wealth.

There is a closeness to the soil
In both their garb and mien
That tells of happiness and toil,
And quiet peace serene.

A lark above them sings and sings
A song of hope and youth.
Theirs is the joy of common things—
The beauty of the truth!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

A DREAM OF GOD



DREAMED me a dream, long since, of a God who
dwelt secure in the Truth,

A God dauntless and strong before the boldest action
of men's minds,

A God never trembling before investigations, or
whimpering at discoveries,

A God preferring the honest agnostic to the unthink-
ing believer,

A God most accessible to those whose thought is freest.

This was not the dressed up, padded and ornamented God of the
trivial,

Nor the buttressed and fortified God of the argumentative,

Nor the sentimental, tear-stained God of conformity,

Nor wrathful Jove, the thunderer.

I dreamed that all these were idols, and not God.

He was not limited, in my dreams, by the walls of any stuffy building,

Nor by the pages of any holy book,

Nor by any one beautiful and virtuous life.

I dreamed that we do not need to look after Him at all, because He
is able to take care of Himself.

And behold! The God of my dream even now riots in new bloom
and crisp foliage,

And sings through the puissant winds.

He is the mystery of night, terse silence, answering no questions;

And the revelation of day, overflowing with expression, forever.

He is the motive of behavior and the outcome of action;

He is the laborer's joyous, culminating achievement;

He is the core of all thought, to the philosopher,

And, to the makers, the Supreme Beauty.

He is the begetting power of the father, the bearing power of the
mother, and the growing power of the child.

He is Socrates with the Hemlock and Christ upon the Cross.

He was with the true knight, yesterday, and is with the loving work-
man today.

In one generation he works through war, in the next through agri-
culture, in the next through manufactures, in the next through
the arts, and, at last, through spiritual functions.

Other gods there are, men say, unlike the God of my dream, gods
whom men despise or fear, follow ignorantly and seek by rules,
gods who will not have their followers learn overmuch, who
hide their feet of clay under skirts of conservatism.

Men claim that they exist, and doubt the claim. Wherefore the God
of my dream is the God I worship.

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

IN THE YOSEMITE WITH JOHN MUIR: BY CLARA BARRUS



JOHN MUIR, born in Scotland, reared in America, a wanderer in nearly every country on the globe, seventy-four years of age and hale and canny, is doubtless one of the most picturesque figures in our country today. Scot to the backbone, yet America claims him as her own, so earnestly has he studied our trees and mountains, so closely is he identified with the wonders of the great West, so loyally has he labored to preserve our natural beauties when from time to time there have been those of our own countrymen who would have wrested them from us.

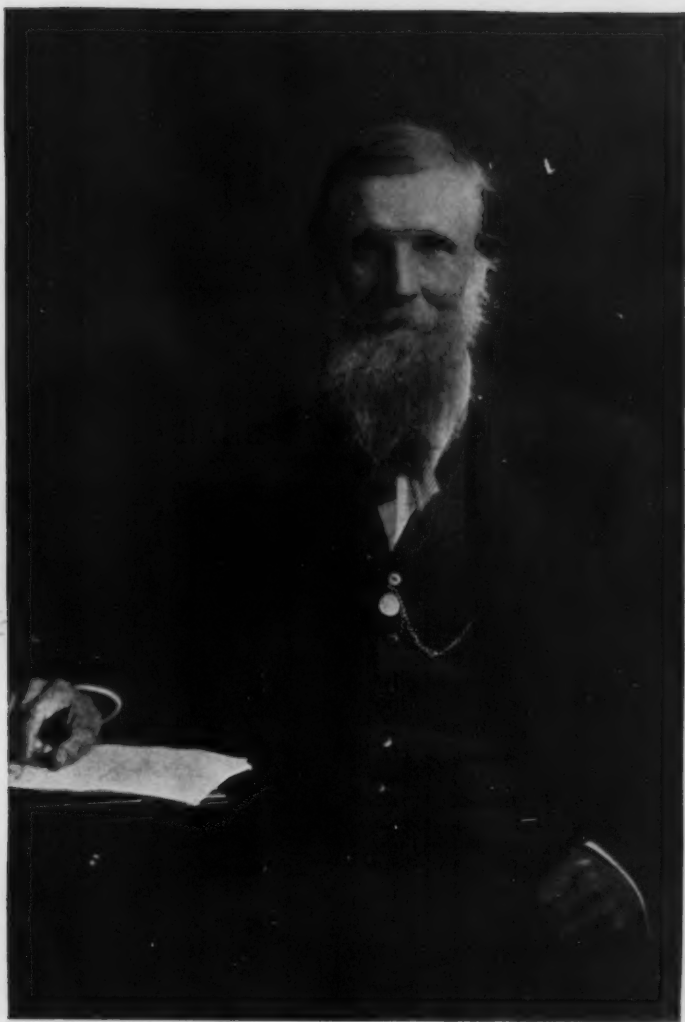
It is fitting that the mighty Alaskan glacier he discovered bears his name, and that a noble forest of California redwoods is called The Muir Woods, and it is likewise fitting that a little mountain daisy is his namesake, for with all his enthusiasm for mountain and glacier and noble sequoia, his love for "the bonnie wee blossoms of the wild" is one of his abiding passions.

"To any place that is wild," is the reply Mr. Muir made in eighteen hundred and sixty-eight to a man on the streets of San Francisco of whom he inquired the nearest way out of town.

"But where do you want to go?" the stranger asked. Imagine his surprise on receiving this reply: "To any place that is wild!" But he directed the seeker after the wild to the Oakland ferry, and thence he and another young man made their way on foot through the great flowery central valley of California, walled in on the east by the mighty Sierra range, on through the deep Sierra canyon without knowledge of the topography of the country, and with the snows so deep that the blazed trails were all covered; and after many adventures they reached their goal—the famous Yosemite.

"Any place that is wild" seems always to have been the watchword of this wanderer who started out from Indiana more than forty years ago, journeying alone and afoot to the Gulf of Mexico, then to Florida and Cuba, intending to go to South America. Weakness from Southern fever and failure to get a ship for South America prevented him just then from carrying out his plans, so he took the Panama steamer, arrived in San Francisco, and after one day in that city, set out, as before stated, for the Yosemite. But, as I heard him say this spring, he usually gets to the place he starts for, and doesn't mind a delay of forty years or more, so long as he can explore other wildernesses by the way. Now in nineteen hundred and twelve he returns from South America and South Africa!

"You see I got there," he said triumphantly on his return.



JOHN MUIR OF CALIFORNIA, POET,
NATURALIST, PHILOSOPHER, FRIEND:
FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.



A STUDY OF JOHN MUIR IN THE YO-
SEMITE. THOSE WHO KNOW HIM WELL
WILL RECOGNIZE A CHARACTERISTIC
POSE OF THIS LOVER OF NATURE.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE YOSEMITE

Recently his book on the Yosemite—the result of ten or more years in the Valley in the early seventies—has come from the press. Assuredly Mr. Muir is not to be hurried. Like the enduring rocks, the slow-moving glaciers, and the many-centuried sequoias, he believes in the amplitude of time. How pityingly he speaks of “time-poor” persons who never spare enough of their scanty store to wander leisurely in some of the world’s wildernesses!

IN reading Mr. Muir’s book on the Yosemite, or, in truth, any of his books, one gets but a partial view of his character. The enthusiastic nature lover, the tireless student, the adventurous explorer—these characteristics stand out on every page, but to know the man one should camp and tramp with him in the Yosemite, as I did in nineteen hundred and nine, in company with Mr. John Burroughs, Mr. Francis Browne and a few others. There we saw the many-sided Muir—the man one sees in his books, and also the teasing, fun-loving Muir, the arbitrary, the devout, the modest, the assertive Muir—an exasperating, lovable, complex personality.

On first meeting him he fell naturally into telling us about himself; of his boyhood in Scotland, and his early years in the “beautiful wilderness of Wisconsin,” where his family first settled on coming to America. He spoke of his stern, soldier-like father, a strict disciplinarian and an enthusiast in religion, with much native intelligence and marked inventive ability, but with little schooling; of his gentle and gentler-bred mother, well educated for her time—she could paint, read poetry and was an ardent lover of natural scenery. He told how she tried to second the father’s sternness, and to scold the mischievous lads into decorum, but could never really scold however hard she tried.

If allowed to talk on uninterruptedly, Mr. Muir regales his hearers with a monologue of exceptional range and raciness, but, intrude a question, or venture an opinion, and the smoothly-flowing stream of talk is impeded; and if it happen when a choice bit of description is in progress, the chances are you will never hear that to completion, though you may hear something exceedingly diverting instead. Confess ignorance and seek enlightenment from him, and you will more than likely be met with bantering ridicule; yet he will on occasion volunteer the most minute and painstaking information. I recall how, as we neared the Yosemite, Mr. Muir took great pains to teach me about the different trees in the Sierra, indicating their diagnostic points and the distribution of the various belts—object-lessons in tree-lore one was exceptionally fortunate to have from such a teacher. But when Mr. Burroughs raised some

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questions about the geology of the Yosemite over which he was puzzling, and earnestly asked Mr. Muir for a solution, the Yosemite student replied:

"Aw, Johnny, ye may tak' all your geology and tie it in a bundle and cast it into the sea, and it wouldna' mak' a ripple," and that is all the satisfaction one could get out of him.

ARBITRARY in conversation, Mr. Muir's is the attitude of the fencer, ever delighted to give a thrust; caring little for the point of view of another, he catches at conversational straws, is sure which way the wind blows in the speaker's mind, and enlarges on this when, perhaps, the opinions he is ridiculing are as foreign to the speaker as to the Scot himself. One wonders how much of this disputatiousness is racial and how much individual, how much due to his belief that you are what he charges you with being, and how much to his perverse inclination to tease. But his hectoring is always from a fun-loving motive; his nature is essentially kindly. I once heard him say: "There is one thing I hate with a perfect hatred—cruelty for anything or anybody."

Mr. Muir has been in nearly every land under the sun; his descriptions are vivid; his anecdotes inimitable. Occasionally he uses the broad dialect of the Scot.

Though so full of wit and humor, a pathetic look often comes in his face as he speaks of lonely mountain and glacier explorations, although he had so much delight in them. At such times one thinks of him as the "Beloved Wanderer;" again, as the other side comes uppermost, and one sees his opinionatedness, sees him tripping up his companions, meeting their opinions with gibe and hectoring remark, one is moved to dub him the "Beloved Egotist;" although a description of this side alone would give a biased impression of his character.

How keen is our mountaineer's susceptibility to beauty—the beauty of wild and remote places, the grandeur of storms, the ecstasy of pine trees, the roar and splash of rain, the wild leaps of waterfalls! Concerning some of these sights he said that not only his soul but also his whole body drank in the beauty, and he prayed for a bigger body, for more bulk, that his delight might be the greater. Absorbing it in his pores, he sighed for more pores for absorption, more blood vessels to carry the joyous blood, more nerves to be thrilled, for life more and abundant—so intoxicated was he with the wonders of the mountain fastnesses.

After being alone on the heights for a season, on coming down among men, he was preternaturally keen to impressions; he could

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see deeper and clearer into the hearts and motives of people, and was often pained by the revelations experienced. The sensitiveness wore off as he mingled more with men.

The look that comes in Mr. Muir's mobile face as he tells of miles and miles of beauty traversed, and his reverent reference to certain excursions as "glorious seasons of forest grace," make one aware of his unspeakable experiences, for with all his engaging loquacity he is shy about disclosing his deeper feelings. He told us how through the long summer nights he used to lie under the stars upon a bed of pine needles at the edge of a daisy and gentian meadow; again how he gloried in being "magnificently snow-bound in the Lord's Mountain-House"—those regions in the high Sierra. Sometimes hungry and often cold, yet he was drunk with the beauty of it all. Some of his descriptions have a religious exaltation; he is always hearing the still, small voice in nature; never tires of trying to make others aware of "God's wild blessings," speaks of snow and rock crystals as "God's darlings;" experiences a "baptism of light" on icy Shasta, and regards the "divine alpenglow" as one of the most impressive of the terrestrial manifestations of God.

Such glimpses of him made one feel that practical man, inventor, geologist, botanist, explorer that he is, beyond and above all these he is the mystic. His studies in the Sierra, earnestly as they were pursued, were only secondary—his rapt admiration of the dawn and the alpenglow, of majestic trees that wave and pray, of rejoicing waters, and the sacred, history-bearing rocks, of night and the stars on lonely mountain tops, reveal the soul of the mystic.

How this apostle of beauty scorns the fleshly apathy of the ordinary tourist who walks or rides emotionless through the sublimity of the Yosemite! He told many a tale of the indifference and callousness of the soulless ones whom he conducted through the Valley in the years when he acted as guide to parties. But to offset these, there were memorable hours with Asa Gray, Sir Joseph Hooker, Le Conte and other scientists, and there was Emerson's all too brief sojourn there when he sauntered under the big trees with Mr. Muir, "as serene as a sequoia, his head in the empyrean."

IT was particularly gratifying to Mr. Muir to show Mr. Burroughs the glories of the Yosemite and make him admit that he had nothing like it in Esopus Valley, or in the Catskills. He had conducted Colonel Roosevelt to his mountains a few years before, and not many weeks after we were there, President Taft saw the Yosemite and the Big Trees under the guidance of Mr. Muir, yet neither the earlier nor later experiences effaced from his recollection

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the wondrous spectacle as he viewed it for the first time when he and his young companion tramped in there all the way from San Francisco. After crossing innumerable boulder-choked canyons, scrambling through chapparal, and wallowing through snow, they at last stood upon the heights and looked down to the floor of the Valley which lay nearly a mile below them, and across to the opposite wall of the chasm, half a mile distant:

"Great God! have we got to cross *that gulch, too?*" ejaculated his intrepid companion whom Mr. Muir had led at such a lively pace all the way thither.

Thereafter for many years Mr. Muir wintered and summered in Yosemite, tracing the waterfalls to their sources, examining each basin, observing the fauna and flora, making sketches of the rocks, tracing the courses of the ancient glaciers, and discovering the glaciers that still lingered there.

He showed us the site of his old saw-mill, told us how he built it and kept it in repair, and how he used to sit and sketch until he saw the great logs nearing the end, when he would stop and start another log on its way, and resume sketching. He spoke of his inventive ability which showed itself in boyhood, and told us of several ingenious devices which he has patented, which have yielded him tangible financial returns. With engaging frankness he said he was so smart he could not help making money whenever he ceased his wanderings for a spell.

He used to make Sunday raids on the heights above the Yosemite, starting out at daybreak and tracing Pohono or some other wild waterfall to its source, walking all night among the moon shadows, and descending the perilous cliffs in the darkness, reaching his cabin at daybreak to begin work at the mill.

"Ah! how many glorious Sundays were mine!" he mused. And here he roamed, loving the wilderness, glorying in storms, in the roar of waterfalls, even in the thunder of earthquakes and the relentless speed of avalanches. He told of one wild ride on an avalanche: He had been climbing all day hoping to reach a certain summit in time to see the sunset, but stepping inadvertently on the trampled snow, he started an avalanche, and in the twinkling of an eye was swished down to the foot of the canyon, the avalanche lurching and plunging, the snow particles flying in a blinding mist around him. The next instant he picked himself up unharmed, gloriously exhilarated by the astounding experience.

When his cabin would rock and creak during an earthquake, this imperturbable student would sit unmoved making his notes, registering the desire that some day he could go to South America and study

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earthquakes. In those days he was so engrossed with his studies that he read the glacial tracings in his dreams, followed the lines of cleavage, and struggled all night with the things that puzzled his waking hours.

He told us how he drifted about the Valley and on the heights above, and said that it was only by resting on the rocks as the ice had done that he was able to absorb and arrive at the truths about them. And when the great geologic truths about the formation of the Valley burst upon him, and he found the proofs piling up as a result of his unwearied research, he was fairly beside himself with admiration of the Power that had achieved such stupendous results. Pushed on by his thirst for more and more knowledge, he became so oblivious to his health and safety that his friends feared for his life; but he laughed at their fears, and only asked that they find him some concentrated food so he could carry a year's provisions and thus pursue his studies in those almost inaccessible heights, without the interruption of coming down the mountains to get bread. Still as a young man he was much more dependable upon friendship than one might gather, and during those years of lonely wandering in the high Sierra he came down from the snow-line to the bread-line quite as often for the nourishment he found in friendly letters as to replenish his bread sack and tea can.

"When I was in college," he said, "I nearly starved; I lived on fifty cents a week, and used to count the crackers and jealously watch the candles, but I didn't mind after I got in here—no bell that rang meant me; I was free to go and come, and here were things that were bread and meat to me—things to fatten my soul, and all free as the air. Ah! but I've had a blessed time in here. But I *did* wish the ravens would come and feed me, so I could keep at my studies."

It was often amusing to hear him recount hairbreadth escapes and in the same breath disclaim recklessness. We wondered to what lengths a reckless person would have gone; but there seem to have been certain rules he observed, such as never taking a step forward when scaling cliffs, unless he was sure that from that point he would be able to take a step backward; and never to gaze about him, no matter how glorious the view, until he had made sure his footing was secure.

ON the long dusty stage ride from El Portal into the Yosemite, Mr. Muir diverted us much by his bantering talk with a sprightly elderly woman on the seat with him. She did not know who he was, or that on other seats of the coach were other men of

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note also, although later in the forenoon on hearing more of Mr. Muir's talk she got an inkling and asked, "Who are you, anyhow, that you know so much about all these things?" He forebore enlightening her, but burst a bomb at her feet by asking her if she knew the works of John Burroughs, then telling her that that was the man sitting two seats ahead of her. She nearly jumped out of the wagon. Later she learned who Mr. Muir was himself, and still later, in coming upon Mr. Browne, she naively asked, "Won't you tell me if you are not somebody—somebody in particular, I mean." But I'm afraid the able editor of *The Dial* disclaimed being anybody but "plain Mr. Browne of Chicago."

"What is that lavender flower up there?" innocently asked this vivacious little woman of nobody in particular, soon after the coach had started.

"That, madam," said Mr. Muir, "is the *coeanothus integerrimus*."

"Mercy! but hasn't it any other name?"

"Yes, *coeanothus integerrimus*, buckthorn, deer-brush, California lilac, bearberry—take your pick," said the Scot.

"But you give me so many—I can't tell any of them," she complained.

"But, madam, I gave you first the one it is known by the world over, and you would have none of it."

On seeing a huge boulder, which had been cleft from the face of the rock above, lying in the roadway so that the road had to be turned aside for it, the loquacious lady exclaimed, "My! but why didn't it go further?" Then the Scot rallied her thus:

"So you are not satisfied, madam, with the place the Lord gave it? He made quite a job of it as it is." Then he drew her into an argument as to whether the Lord had planned and placed every boulder in the spots where they lie, telling her that as a good Presbyterian she was going back on her religion unless she believed this, and exasperating her by declaring that it was presumptuous in us to criticise His work, laughing in his sleeve at her earnestness all the time. Later when we came to a mammoth boulder which had gone clean down into the roaring Merced, Mr. Muir queried, "Did *that* go far enough to suit you, madam?"

That Mr. Muir thoroughly enjoys witnessing one's discomfiture when the distress is only comical was seen when he told us of a well-known lecturer's trip into the Valley many years ago with a body of scientific men. The lecturer having crammed on Whitney's geology, had started out with the intention of worsting Mr. Muir in his arguments in favor of the tremendous importance of glaciers in the formation of the Valley. Though talking glibly at first, he

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE YOSEMITE

was soon at a disadvantage, having no well-grounded knowledge of these things; while Mr. Muir was able to prove to the audience that what he affirmed was first-hand knowledge. After the discussion, the lecturer trotted up to Mr. Muir as they were about to start for a walk up one of the trails where he was to show some of the convincing evidences of glaciation, and asked, "If there were glaciers here, Mr. Muir, where are the moraines?"

"You better ask, 'Where could the moraines have rested in the Valley,'" retorted the Scot. Then he explained that if the lecturer had known a moraine when he saw it, he would have recognized a large lateral moraine, covered with trees and underbrush, at the beginning of the Valley. Presently, they came to a place where the old glaciers had made it very slippery. The stout defender of the Ice-gods warned the guest: "Look out here, Doctor, it is pretty dangerous, you better take my hand." But saying airily that he was all right, Mr. A. went his way. The next instant out went his feet and down he fell on the slippery rocks, striking on the ice-polished granite with a force that made him pale long afterward. He sprawled about, and finally tottered to his feet, his clothes dripping. For the rest of the way he was willing to take Mr. Muir's hand.

"Now are you ready to accept the glacial theory?" mercilessly asked the stout defender of it.

"Yes, I capitulate to the Huge Miller of the Sierras," humbly answered the dripping disputant.

"I thought you would," added Mr. Muir. "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform—He almost has to kill some people to get the truth into them." Then he chuckled as he recalled how comical the stout little man had looked when on returning to the hotel he had walked about in someone's trousers much too short for him, while his own were being made presentable again.

But many a man thinks Mr. Muir goes too far in attributing so much of the formation and sculpturing of the Yosemite to glaciers, though unquestionably they have done their part. Mr. Burroughs had many a tilt with him on this score, and said of his claims: "Muir rides his ice-hobby till the tongue of the poor beast hangs out, and he is ready to lie down and give up the ghost. Ice is by no means the only agency at work here." This much to the scorn of Mr. Muir; but the two men were one in their admiration of the beauties and wonders of the Valley.

Mr. Muir shows a marked indifference to creature comforts, especially to food. After long tramps, when the rest of the party would almost devour luncheon, he would sit and play with a piece

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE YOSEMITE

of dry bread, and keep up a steady stream of talk. Place a sandwich close to his hand, or shell an egg for him, and a courteous "thank you" is forthcoming, but more often than not a mere nibble is all the attention he pays to your efforts, and the talk flows on. Not that one wants it to stop, but one feels guilty at being so entertained at the expense of the entertainer. He declares that bread is about the only food that he needs, and insists that through some temperamental quality he can get out of bread more than any chemical analysis can show—if his spirit is pitched in the right key. "Eat bread in the mountains," he said, "and with love and adoration in your soul you can get a nourishment that food experts have no conception of."

HE is equally careless as to rest and sleep if there is something he wants to see, or some one at hand to talk to. One night in the Yosemite after a most fatiguing day, when most of us were ready to sleep on going to our rooms, the indefatigable Scot, finding himself rooming with the editor of *The Dial*, who is a veritable repository of Golden Poems and who knows his Burns as well as does Mr. Muir himself, could not resist the temptation to quote and quote, matching Mr. Browne's favorites with favorites of his own. The walls of the room were thin so that this debauch of poetry was enjoyed by the occupants of adjoining rooms as well, until out of prudence and the fear that the lack of sleep would unfit us all for the long day's tramp on the morrow, we arrested the Burns' devotees in their quotations by a warning knock on the partition and the entreaty:

"O, try and sleep, ye waukrif rogues,

Now, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The introduction of another poet in place of their beloved Bobby had the desired effect, and the wakeful "bairnies cuddled doon."

The Scot has a way when he wishes to call your attention to anything in nature, of taking you by the shoulder, arresting your attention for an instant as he indicates the object, then as abruptly giving you a little push from him, as much as to say, "Go! it rests with you whether you are worthy to behold it." In like manner he put his hand on my shoulder and pointing to Half Dome said:

"There! take a look at my darling—it is nearly five thousand feet from this valley floor, and nearly nine thousand from the level of the sea—look at its sublime tranquillity, its repose, the solemn, god-like calm that rests on that rock!" And then the push away as he walks on silently contemplating the majestic rock which of all

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE YOSEMITE

others in the Valley seems nearest his heart. It seems a bit uncanny for a man to give up so large a place in his heart to a rock, a glacier, or a tree, however sublime it may be, but his devotion is not to be questioned.

One day on our return to the hotel after a tramp up one of the canyons, the sprightly seat-mate of Mr. Muir, above referred to, told him that she and her friend had been to Mirror Lake. "We might know you would go where there is a mirror," he taunted, but a moment later he said contritely, "I am ashamed of myself for attempting to jest in here."

Many of his associations with the Valley are naturally of a serious and solemn nature—the months of loneliness and hardship, the narrow escapes from accident and death, the years of consecration to his work, the wild and terrible beauty he has often witnessed, the overflowing peace he has experienced in traversing glacier meadows, the ecstasy on remote mountain heights—almost mountains of transfiguration to him—these have combined to make of the place almost holy ground.

Perhaps the most idyllic of our Yosemite days was when we tramped to the Nevada and Vernal Falls, a distance of fourteen miles, returning to Camp Ahwahnee at night weary almost to exhaustion, but strangely uplifted by the beauty and sublimity in which we had moved. Our brown tents stood hospitably open and out in the great open space in front we sat around a huge campfire under the noble spruces and firs, the Merced flowing softly on our right, the mighty Yosemite Falls thundering away in the distance; the moon rising over Sentinel Rock on our left, lending a touch of ineffable beauty to the scene. Nor was the charm of melancholy missing, for on the morrow we were to leave the Happy Valley.





A CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE AND BUNGALOW FOR HOME-BUILDERS OF SIMPLE NEEDS AND TASTES

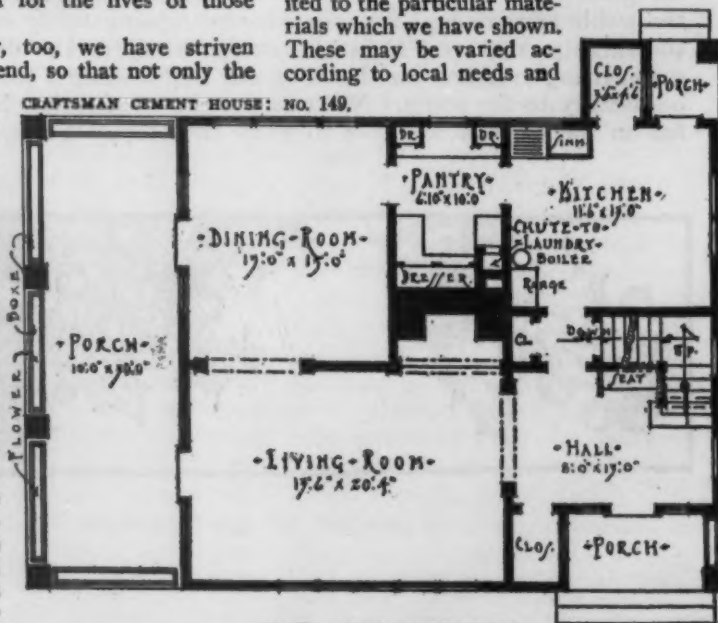
IN each of the Craftsman dwellings that we have designed—and their number today reaches a hundred and fifty—it has been our aim to plan not merely a house but a *home*. We have tried always to attain, through the most simple, practical means, a floor plan so convenient, so full of real comfort, that even in the empty rooms one would feel the promise of welcome and friendliness; while those same rooms, rightly furnished, would combine the intimacy of home companionship with the good cheer of hospitality, and form a fitting background for the lives of those who dwelt there.

In the exterior, too, we have striven toward a similar end, so that not only the entrance, but the very walls and windows, the angle of the roof, every outline, mass and detail would be, as well as seem, the natural expression of the home spirit that prevailed within. A house that would be at peace with its neighbors as well as with its inmates, and in harmony with the surrounding landscape—that is the ideal toward which our efforts are continually bent.

Sometimes of course, we come closer to this ideal than at others; but this month especially we cannot help feeling that the careful thought which has gone into the planning of the cottage and bungalow presented here has resulted in something even more practical and homelike than we had anticipated. These houses are not large; they are planned for simple needs and unaffected tastes; but while every feature has some definite practical purpose to fulfil, we have endeavored to so arrange and design the whole that out of natural construction might be evolved as much architectural beauty as possible. In what measure we have succeeded is indicated by the perspective views shown here.

As is the case with most Craftsman houses, the form of construction is not limited to the particular materials which we have shown. These may be varied according to local needs and

CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE: NO. 149.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES FOR SIMPLE TASTES

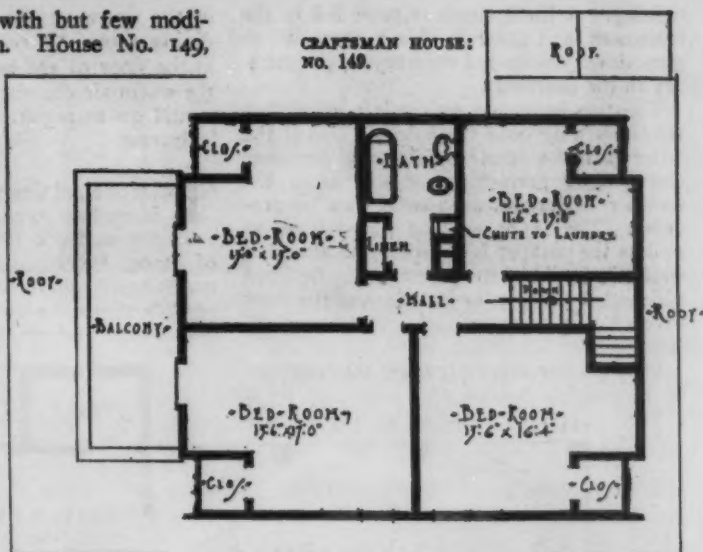
personal preferences, with but few modifications in the design. House No. 149, however, is so well adapted to the material chosen here—stucco on metal lath—that we would suggest that the builder keep to either this or concrete.

The ample sheltered porches, the pleasant window groups, the long slope of the shingled roof, broken by the dormer with its protecting overhang and the sunken balcony with its little parapet, combine to give the exterior its air of quiet dignity and charm. The slight arches above the porch openings soften outlines that might otherwise be a trifle severe, and the placing of flower-boxes between the pillars also adds a graceful note. On the first floor plan we have shown these boxes both at the ends and at the side of the long porch; but of course one of these will be omitted at whatever point the porch is to be entered from the garden—depending upon the layout of the garden paths.

The edges of the porch and front steps are emphasized by brick laid in header courses—a little touch that will give an interesting variation against the plainness of the stucco walls, and will add a note of warm color to the building. The porch floors may be of cement, and here again a decorative effect can be obtained by introducing red brick as a border, and possibly using rows of it in the long porch to divide the cement into squares.

From the small corner porch you enter the good-sized hall with its inviting little seat beside the staircase, and its convenient coat closet lighted by a window on the side. Through the wide opening on the left you are greeted by a glimpse of the hospitable fireplace, recessed just enough to give the effect of a nook, yet not shut off from the rest of the large living room. The five small-paned casement windows in front and the side group with the glass door opening onto the living porch make the

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE:
NO. 149.



SECOND-FLOOR-PLAN

room light, cheerful and well ventilated, and at the same time there is sufficient wall space left for the placing of bookcases, desk and piano.

The dining room, though smaller, is equally pleasant, and the well-equipped pantry affords easy access to the kitchen. The latter is within convenient reach of the front door, as well as the stairs to the cellar and upper floor. The range is so placed that its flue may be carried up beside that of the living-room fireplace; the sink is placed beneath the rear window for the sake of light, and a large storage closet is close beside, under the same roof that covers the small rear porch. Another closet is provided in the passageway opposite the cellar entrance. The main stairs go up to a square landing and are lighted by a window on the right, as shown in the first floor plan.

We would call especial attention to the arrangement of the second floor, which is as compact as it is simple. As the plan shows, all the space available has been utilized to the best possible advantage. The small central hall opens directly into the bathroom and four bedrooms, the irregular shape of the latter—due to the corner closets under the sloping roof—being an advantage rather than otherwise, for it will add to the feeling of cosiness and give greater opportunity for originality of fur-

CRAFTSMAN COTTAGES FOR SIMPLE TASTES

nishing. A linen closet is provided in the bathroom, and there is also a chute which goes down beside the chimney to the laundry in the basement.

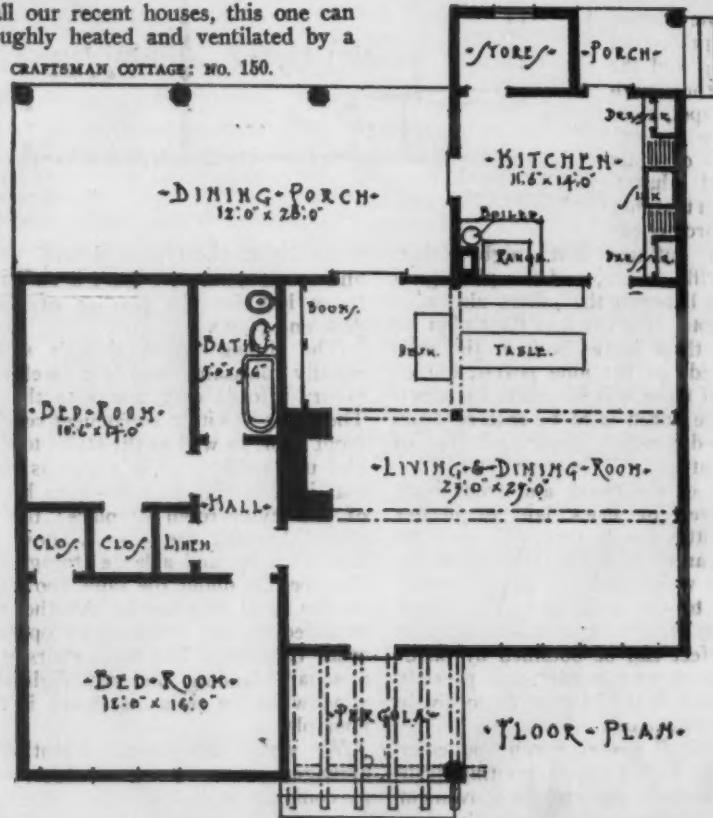
The two bedrooms on the left have glass doors opening onto the balcony, and if the latter is to be used for sleeping purposes and greater privacy or shelter from the weather is desired, an awning can be provided. The front wall of the dormer as well as the parapet is covered with shingles, while the walls of the balcony may be lined with either shingles or boards, and the floor covered with canvas made waterproof by paint.

Like all our recent houses, this one can be thoroughly heated and ventilated by a

of the warm air chamber would warm the dining room. A register would be placed in the floor of the bathroom directly above the warm air chamber, and short bent pipes would go to registers in the floors of the bedrooms.

THE second house, No. 150, is of the bungalow type. Shingles are used for roof and walls, with a foundation of stone, V-jointed boards in the gables, rough-hewn pillars for the porches, a wood pergola above the entrance and brick in the porch steps and chimneys. Here again the

CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE: NO. 150.



Craftsman fireplace. In the present instance, its central location makes it possible to supply all the rooms with warmed fresh air with a minimum of piping. The living room and hall would be heated by direct radiation and registers in the front of the chimneypiece, while a register on the left

porch floors would look well if made of cement with borders of brick.

The first impression upon stepping into the living room is the sense of spaciousness—an unusual feature for so small a home. For instead of breaking up the plan into separate living and dining rooms the two



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE (No. 149): A BUILDING SUITED TO OUR SEVERE EASTERN AND NORTHERN WINTERS, YET POSSESSING IN THE STRUCTURE AN ESSENTIAL FRIENDLINESS.



Gustav Stickley, Architect.

CRAFTSMAN SHINGLE HOUSE (NO. 150):
A SIMPLE ONE-STORY COTTAGE, WITH A
FLOOR PLAN OF UNUSUAL INTEREST.

BOBOLINKS AND ARMY WORMS

are combined in one. As a study of the plan reveals, a partition (which may be about six feet high) has been placed at the further end of the room, so that the portion on the left, with its bookshelves and desk, may serve as a den or library, while that on the right, being next to the kitchen, can be used for dining purposes. The long seat built against the wall not only helps to simplify the furnishing but also permits the seating of more people than would be possible with chairs—a useful feature when guests increase the meal-time gathering.

If preferred, of course the library and dining room sections may be somewhat screened from the rest of the living room by portières. A number of other modifications can be made, according to the individual needs of the owner—such for instance as the placing of the piano against the partition where the desk is now indicated, and the substitution of a coat closet for the bookcases shown beside the fireplace. These bookcases could then be placed below the windows or against some other wall space. If severity of climate or an unusually exposed location should make a vestibule desirable, the necessary space could be taken off the room and coat closets provided there. But unless this is absolutely needed it would be best to leave the living room as originally planned.

Another point worth noting in the living room is the grouping of the windows and the placing of a glass door opening onto the dining porch, which gives one, upon entering the house, a pleasant vista through the room to the garden at the back.

The kitchen with its compactly arranged sink and dressers and large storage closet, opens upon a small corner porch, while another door communicates with the dining porch so that meals may be easily served there whenever the weather permits. If this porch faces south it would be worth while to glass it in during the winter, so that it might serve as a sun room and thus increase the living area of the bungalow.

The rest of the floor plan is occupied by two bedrooms and a bathroom which are separated from the living portion of the house by a small hall. If the two bedroom closets and the linen closet do not provide enough storage space, an additional one can be built in the hall behind the chimney.

Like the preceding house, this bungalow can be heated and ventilated by a single Craftsman fireplace. The direct warmth

from the fire together with a couple of registers in the chimneypiece would supply the living room, and a register in the rear of the warm air chamber would heat the bathroom. Short pipes could be run to registers above the doors of the bedrooms, the pipes being concealed by dropping the hall ceiling about a foot. With this system no cellar is needed, only an ash pit being required if wood is burned. For a home of this size, where the mistress would probably do all her own housework, the elimination of the usual furnace and the substitution of this efficient system would be an important factor in insuring comfort for the home.

BOBOLINKS AND ARMY WORMS

IN September the bobolink (known in the Carolinas and Georgia as the rice-bird) is the principal game. Millions of these birds have been killed for the markets of this country, and they have been shipped even to Paris. Southern negroes hunt them in the marshes and rice-fields, pluck the birds and pack them for shipment.

At this time the bobolink is storing up energy for its long flight to South America. It grows fat upon the seeds of reeds, weeds, wild rice, wild oats and rice, and is a dainty morsel for the table. We have been taught to believe that the bobolink is a great pest to the rice planters and that it is killed to save the rice-fields from destruction. A brief examination of the facts on the ground shows that there is no truth in this tale today.

Rice planting on the Atlantic coast is almost a thing of the past—killed by Western competition. Now there are only a few thousand acres planted to rice, and the killing of the bobolinks for the market is both unnecessary and barbarous.

The bobolink is particularly destructive to army worms; so much so that in some parts of the South it is known as the "army-worm bird." In recent years the fall army worm has become very destructive in South Carolina, and in fact through most of the Southern States. This year it has been so injurious that the United States Department of Agriculture has issued a special bulletin to Southern farmers, warning them. Farmers say that their crops were menaced by the army worm until flocks of birds gathered on their lands and destroyed the worms.

IMPORTANT READING FOR THE FARMER

THE CORNELL READING COURSES FOR FARM AND HOME

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The course for the Farm includes the following:

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Orcharding: tillage and fertilizing in orchards.

The horse: lessons, horse breeding in New York State; horse breeding to increase the farm income.

The soil: lessons, drainage and larger crops; the soil, its use and abuse.

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WATER-PROOFING THE SWIMMING POOL

THE article which appeared in the November CRAFTSMAN, under the title of "The Garden Swimming Pool," brought to us various inquiries as to the proper method of rendering the lining of such basins water-proof. There have been on the market different materials for this purpose. The most successful one is a cream white paste of about the consistency of butter. This, when added to the water used in mixing the concrete or cement, produces a thoroughly water- and damp-proof material. In case it is desired to water-proof old, concrete-lined pools, a coat of cement mortar to which this paste has been added may be applied with very good results. It renders the coating water-proof throughout, so that no harm is done if the surface should be chipped. Foundations and cellars may be made damp-proof in the same way. This preparation also prevents the penetration of water under heavy pressure, such as met with in large reservoirs.

When used in the mixture for the original structure of concrete, this water-proofing paste affects the entire mass, so that no special coating is necessary, and while a larger quantity of the paste is required for this, economy of mortar and labor is a result. The paste is prepared by the addition of twelve to twenty parts of water, and being of practically the same weight as water, may be measured either by volume or weight.

The value of such an effective and easily applied water-proofing material will be readily appreciated when one considers the importance of perfect sanitation in such structures as foundations, cellars, floors, reservoirs, swimming pools, building walls, roofs and bridges where concrete and cement stucco are used. The use of this preparation involves practically no extra labor; it is not disagreeable to work with, as it has no odor, and instead of darkening the cement work in which it is used, it slightly bleaches it. All these qualities will no doubt make it most acceptable, not only for architectural work on a large scale, but also for smaller home and garden uses.

A HOME CONSTRUCTED TO MEET INDIVIDUAL NEEDS



A HOUSE DESIGNED TO MEET SPECIAL NEEDS: BY E. DRUSILLE FORD

IN considering the cost of a building, it is well to remember that any house is expensive which absorbs the amount we wish to expend upon it, yet falls short of our requirements. The erection of "after-thoughts" adds more than their proportion to the expense. Often they mar the beauty of the grounds or cut off some pleasing vista. The builder of a home knows what special hobbies abide with him, and he is wise if he takes them into account at the outset.

The house here presented provides for one or more of the utilities usually treated as distinct propositions. The illustrations show the construction to be of cut stone and plaster, with shingled roof. The design would be pleasing in effect, worked out with field stones for lower story, columns and balustrade, and shingles above. The projection of the second story, the balcony and the extended eaves of the wide roof gable suggest the simplicity of Swiss architecture and anticipate a certain simplicity in materials employed.

The feature of the exterior most noticeable is the proportion of width to the depth, adapting the building to the dimensions of a wide, shallow lot. This breadth and the long roof lines detract from the height, giving the low, well-grounded effect much to be desired in domestic architecture. A cer-

HOUSE DESIGNED TO MEET INDIVIDUAL NEEDS: G. H. FORD, ARCHITECT: INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF ENTRANCE IS SHOWN HERE.

tain balance is achieved by the porch and the driveway entrance, and by the principal chimneys united to the roof by their supporting gables, while the terrace, in its relation to the main entrance, gives the touch of variety. And this terrace, with pedestals providing for the placing of potted plants, is chiefly responsible for the quaintness one feels at first approach.

A hospitable front door, one would say, the open vestibule taking the visitor inside the outer portal before he has made his request. Within, the reception hall offers a further argument for the deep-set door, in the pleasant window-nook formed thereby. A wide seat follows the contour of the shallow bay, and the panels on either side open to closets for hats and overcoats. No provision is made for the old-fashioned hall-tree, which, although it may be beautiful in itself, is often a pitiable object when draped with human habiliments.

The side of the living room in view from the reception hall entrance is shown in the interior illustration. The ceiling of the living room is divided into three panels by plastered beams. The one crossing the main portion accentuates the mantel and its accessories; the other, with its supporting columns, suggests a division between the room proper and the piano alcove. At one end of the central beam the column is omitted, the wall space being reserved unbroken for the disposal of pictures and furniture.

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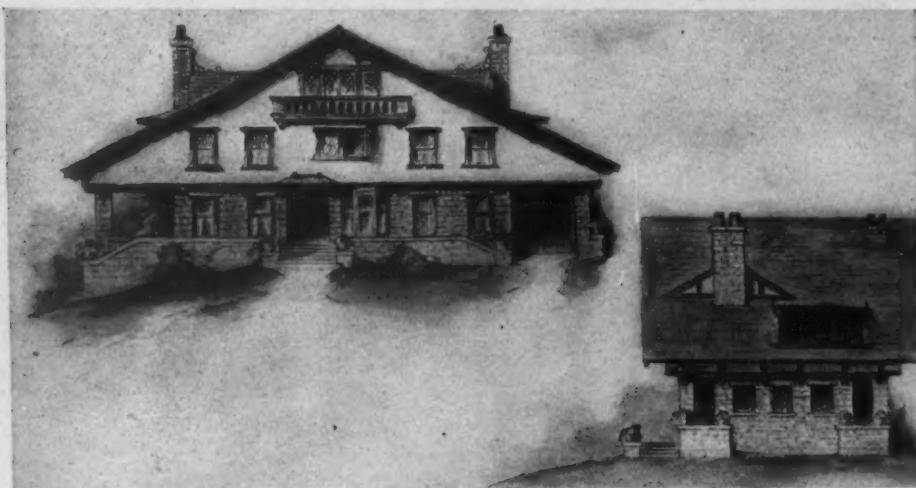
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tain balance is achieved by the porch and the driveway entrance, and by the principal chimneys united to the roof by their supporting gables, while the terrace, in its relation to the main entrance, gives the touch of variety. And this terrace, with pedestals providing for the placing of potted plants, is chiefly responsible for the quaintness one feels at first approach.

A hospitable front door, one would say, the open vestibule taking the visitor inside the outer portal before he has made his request. Within, the reception hall offers a further argument for the deep-set door, in the pleasant window-nook formed thereby. A wide seat follows the contour of the shallow bay, and the panels on either side open to closets for hats and overcoats. No provision is made for the old-fashioned hall-tree, which, although it may be beautiful in itself, is often a pitiable object when draped with human habiliments.

The side of the living room in view from the reception hall entrance is shown in the interior illustration. The ceiling of the living room is divided into three panels by plastered beams. The one crossing the main portion accentuates the mantel and its accessories; the other, with its supporting columns, suggests a division between the room proper and the piano alcove. At one end of the central beam the column is omitted, the wall space being reserved unbroken for the disposal of pictures and furniture.

A HOME CONSTRUCTED TO MEET INDIVIDUAL NEEDS



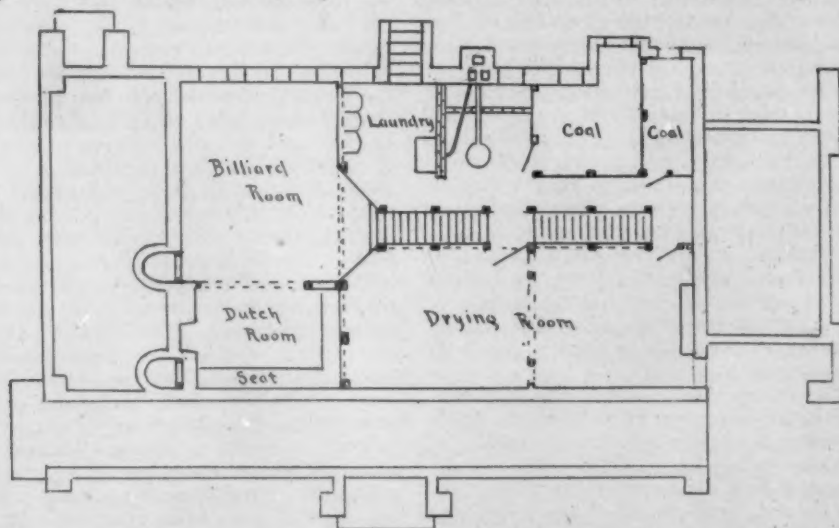
FRONT ELEVATION, WITH GARAGE AT THE RIGHT.

A French window opens upon the porch and a wide doorway with sliding door gives access to a cosy den, the windows of which overlook the garden at the rear. With the convenience of the adjoining lavatory, the den may be converted into a sleeping room when necessary.

From the rear of the reception room, the main stairs lead to the upper hall, so spacious as to tempt to various uses and schemes of decoration. With a desk under the casement window, it may become a study for the children or the literary mem-

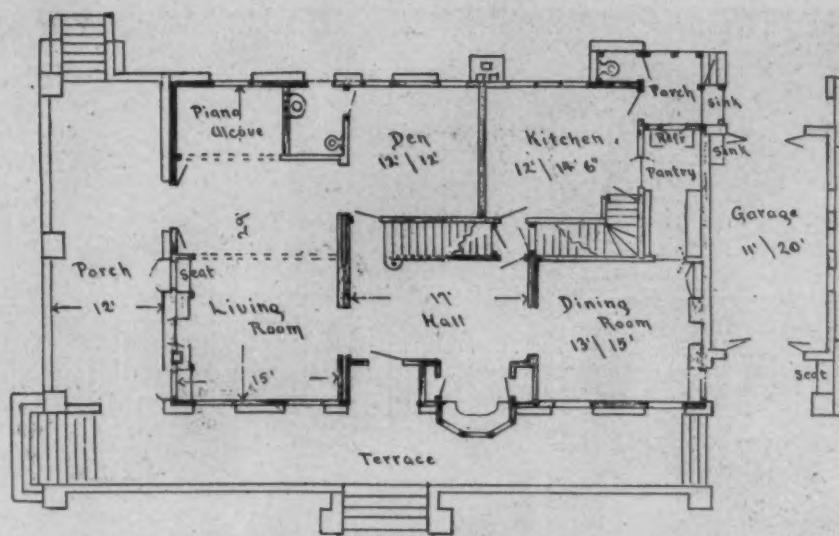
bers of the family; with a table and a low chair, the work room of the home mistress; or with heavy curtains between the columns, an additional bedroom. The writer recalls one upper hall, utilized as a gallery by the artist of the household. Almost surrounded by the sleeping rooms, it is so cool in summer, so cosy in winter, that it has grown to be the best-loved living room of the house.

On the second story floor plan given is shown a widened stair well, which gives a



HOUSE DESIGNED BY G. H. FORD: BASEMENT PLAN.

A HOME CONSTRUCTED TO MEET INDIVIDUAL NEEDS

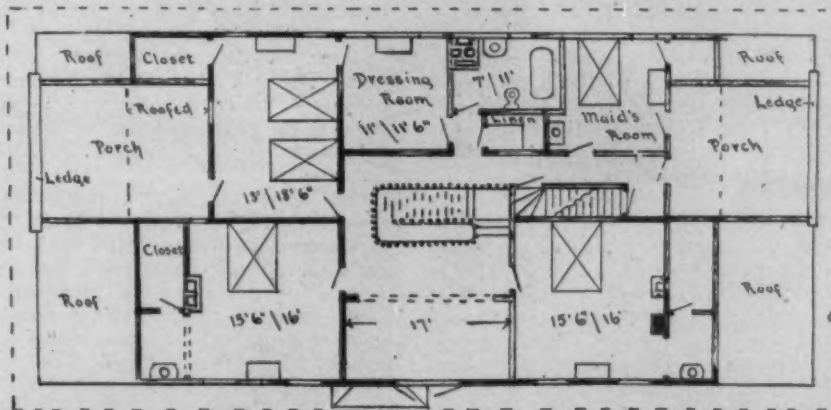


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

charming view of the lower hall and glimpses of the living and dining rooms. From the rear of the hall a corridor leads to a porch, a part of which is roofed and protected by the house walls. From the bedroom at the other end opens a similar porch. To the fresh-air enthusiast it is unnecessary to suggest that a screen wire partition along the line of dashes defining the roof would transform these alcoves of the outdoors into open-air bedrooms, while

attic stairs ascend from the alcove at the end of the corridor. The attic is eighteen feet wide and thirty-five feet long. With glazed doors opening upon the balconies at each end, it would be a most attractive play room for the children, and is sufficiently spacious for the entertainment of small dancing parties.

Once more in the reception hall, the man of the house opens the rear door at the right



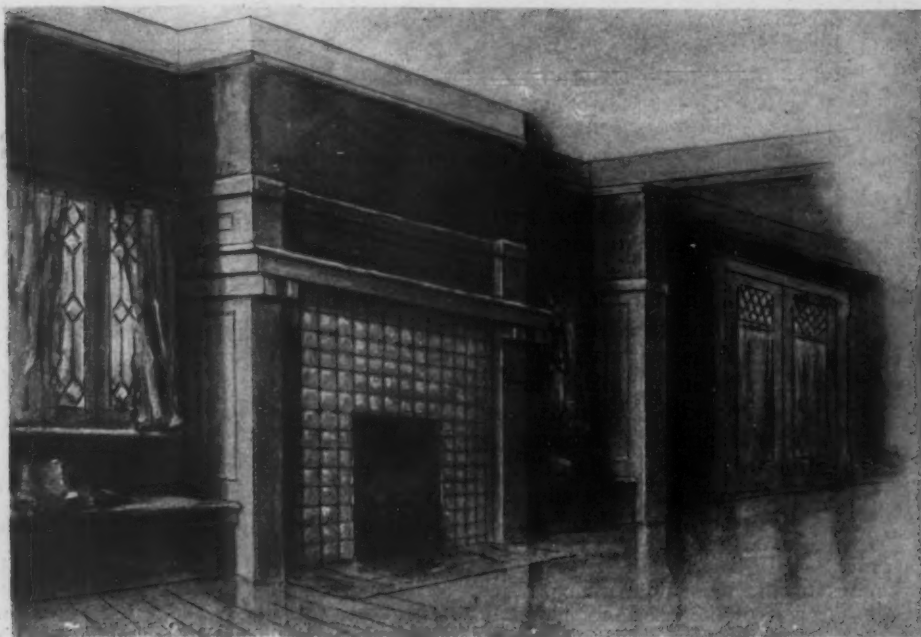
SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

upon the unroofed space beyond the wire partition, the household bedding might take its sun bath.

The stairs from the kitchen land just opposite the wall of the linen closet, and the

and invites the visitor to "see where he plays when his day's work is done." Down they go to the basement billiard room, with its cluster of windows at one end, made

A HOME CONSTRUCTED TO MEET INDIVIDUAL NEEDS



FIREPLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM.

possible by the slope of the ground outside. The other end of the room, set apart by a heavy beam across a wide opening, is dimly lighted by window wells in the porch floor. This nook is fitted up in Dutch style. The glow from the open fire plays over warm-toned furnishings, the rich yellows, browns and blues of old pottery, and the broad throat of the chimney swallows all odors reminiscent of bygone revels.

The service portion of the house is arranged to preserve, as far as possible, the privacy of the family and the help. The maid's room, near the upper landing of the rear stairs, is conveniently planned and has a door to one of the upper porches. The entry between the reception hall and the kitchen minimizes the distance from the latter to the front door, and from this entry a door opens to basement stairs, under the rear stairs, by which the furnace room, laundry, etc., are reached. This segregation is often a greater boon to the maid than is generally realized, shielding her on busy days from the distractions of affairs without interest to her and from chance encounters with visitors.

The garage, gathered under the house roof, fulfils the requirements of economy as well as convenience. Its entrance has

the effect of a porte cochère. The motor discharges its passengers upon the steps of the terrace, protected by the overhang of the second story and the further extension of the roof. The garage is lighted by three leaded-glass windows, and the front doors have leaded-glass panels, chiefly for exterior effect. There is no communication, however, by door or window, with the house. The sink is supplied with water and a suitable drain, its plumbing being included in the group with that of the kitchen and porch sinks,—a most economical arrangement.

This house is unusual in the amount of available space obtained within the given dimensions; the living rooms, exclusive of porch and garage, being comprised within an area of thirty-two by fifty-two feet. Compactness in building often entails an ordinary if not ugly exterior, owing to the difficulty of securing sufficient room on the second floor without destroying the pleasing sweep of roof lines. The subordination of exterior effect to interior spaciousness is too great a sacrifice for either owner or architect to make. Usually, a further consideration of the conditions would make such a sacrifice unnecessary.

PRACTICAL BRICK WORK: ANCIENT AND MODERN

PRACTICAL BRICK WORK: ANCIENT AND MODERN: SOME POINTS FOR THE HOME-BUILDER

TO every building material there clings a certain human and historical interest, but few can claim a lineage more ancient and picturesque than brick. Ever since primitive man first discovered the usefulness of these lumps of clay, brick has been an important factor in the housing of mankind, not only from a constructional standpoint but as a medium of varied architectural expression. The builders of the Walls of Babylon knew its possibilities of strength and decoration, using it, as one authority admits, "with an art and understanding which we have not approached"; it was used for the Great Wall of China, and Pliny mentions three kinds of brick employed by the Greeks. The Romans knew it and developed its manufacture and structural use to a fine art, while in northern Italy during the Middle Ages brick and terra cotta architecture attained unusual excellence. In Persia, under the influence of Mohammedanism, a wonderfully decorative style arose in which the brick wall was often a setting for glazed and colored tiles, and when the Moors invaded Europe they brought this same style into Spain. Examples of the early Renaissance brick architecture in France, the Gothic and Renaissance in Holland and Germany show with what practical knowledge and artistic feeling this material was employed, and in England from the old Roman days the history of the people has been written "almost without a break in brick architecture."

Until a few years ago nothing of significance had been achieved in brick architecture in this country outside of the ordinary red brick work such as we find in many of the old residential streets of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Most of these dignified brick dwellings, however, are built in solid rows and are somewhat monotonous in appearance, and

even those which possess a good deal of picturesqueness owe it to architectural features, to mellowness of weathering or charm of vine-grown walls rather than to any quality of texture or variety of color in the brick itself.

The first brick used in this country was the common red brick imported from England, which was laid up with joints of medium width. Later, however, when the manufacturers here began to make the smooth-faced, even-colored "pressed brick," very close joints were used—so close in fact, sometimes, that the mortar hardly showed, in which case the joints were often marked by little white lines painted on after the mortar was dry.

Now, however, brickmakers, architects and home-builders have reacted from this severe style, and are finding that after all the kind of brick which achieves the greatest architectural charm is much the same as produced in the Old World eighteen



DETAIL OF ENTRANCE TO SAN STEFANO, BOLOGNA, ITALY: AN EXAMPLE OF UNUSUALLY RICH BRICK WORK.

PRACTICAL BRICK WORK: ANCIENT AND MODERN



DETAIL OF HOUSE AT OYSTER BAY, L. I., SHOWING BRICK WORK WITH MORTAR JOINT ONE INCH THICK. THE MOSAIC FRIEZE IS ESPECIALLY DECORATIVE.

hundred years or more ago. And so they are returning to the old-time traditions and ideals, are studying the methods and materials of ancient Rome and Babylon, and trying to evolve, with the aid of modern machinery, what they consider the most satisfactory form of brick—full of interest in texture and color. The decorative effect is emphasized, as it was in the old days, by the use of wide mortar joints, and the result is a surface of great richness, warmth and variety. The color, it may be noted, is due to the skilful selection and blending of natural clays and the expert application of intense fire, while the rough texture is obtained when the brick is cut into units.

From a practical standpoint, of course, brick has always been desirable. Besides being durable and sanitary, it is non-combustible, lessening considerably the insurance

rate, and it makes a house comparatively cool in summer and warm in winter, thus reducing the heating bills. Its adaptable character renders it equally suitable for public buildings or private homes, for exterior or interior purposes—house and garden walls, gateways, porch pillars and floors, or for chimneypieces, hearths, vestibules and the walls of public rooms such as libraries, stations, waiting rooms, etc. In fact, there seems to be hardly any limit to its field of usefulness; the most recent innovation being its employment in office and living-room walls, either solid or in decorative borders and friezes with wood or cement paneling. In such cases the color of the brick lends great richness to the room, and a very harmonious interior can be attained if the prevailing tones of the brick work are echoed in the various furnishings.

Aside from the possibilities for beauty that lie in the selection of appropriate color schemes—dark and light reds, buffs and golden browns, purplish, bluish and grayish tints—there is also the impor-



CHIMNEYPIECE OF SIMPLE CONSTRUCTION, ATTAINING DECORATIVE CHARM THROUGH THE VARIED TONES OF THE BRICK.

PRACTICAL BRICK WORK: ANCIENT AND MODERN

A FIRE-PLACE IN WHICH THE "TAPESTRY" BRICK IS A REPRODUCTION, IN SIZE AND TEXTURE, OF THAT USED IN ROME IN A. D. 80: THIS MASSIVE CONSTRUCTION IS MOST APPROPRIATE IN A SIMPLY FURNISHED MODERN LIVING ROOM.



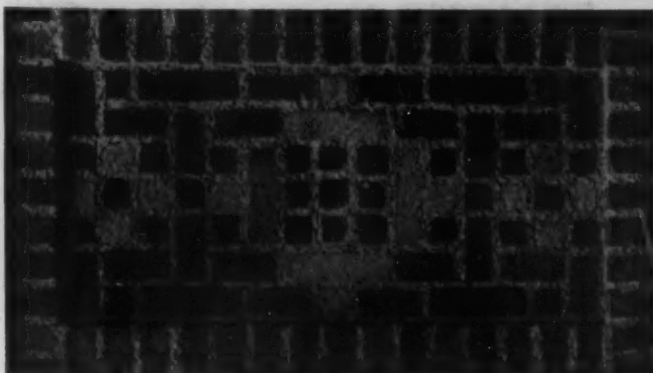
tant question of bonds and mortar joints, two factors well worth the personal attention of all home-builders who have chosen brick for either part or all of their construction. There are many different kinds of bond or pattern, the simplest but least decorative being the running bond, which shows only the stretchers or long faces of the brick. These, being of uniform size, allow no variety of design.

The Flemish bond is made up of alternating stretchers and headers—the latter being the small end faces of the brick.

This style is particularly effective when the mortar joints are raked out so that each brick stands out distinctly, and also when the bricks vary in color and the same proportions of light and dark shades appear in both headers and stretchers.

A combination of the two bonds just mentioned is the double stretcher Flemish bond, in which a header alternates with two stretchers. The headers of alternate rows come directly above each other and where they are of a different shade from the stretchers a vertical stripe results which accentuates the height of the wall.

Then there is the English bond, which is used to a great extent in that country and is also being adopted here with very satisfactory results. In this, rows of stretchers alternate with rows of headers—making a pattern very similar to the Dutch bond, which only differs in the arrangement of the vertical joints of the stretcher courses.



MOSAIC PANEL OF "TAPESTRY" BRICK IN A HOUSE AT OYSTER BAY, L. I.

PRACTICAL BRICK WORK: ANCIENT AND MODERN



A STUDY TO DETERMINE THE BEST MORTAR JOINT FOR THE LOTUS CLUBHOUSE, NEW YORK.

These joints, in the Dutch bond, produce the effect of diagonal lines across the face of the wall, whereas the English bond has no such definite marking.

The kind of mortar joint employed is equally if not more important in determining the general effect of the brick work, as will be readily appreciated when one remembers that the joints comprise from one-tenth to one-third of the entire wall surface. The mortar joints may vary considerably in texture, color and width. As a rule it is preferable to have the texture of the mortar somewhat similar to that of the brick. The color of course will depend chiefly upon the colors of the brick—a closely harmonizing shade being chosen if an inconspicuous joint is desired, and a contrasting shade being selected if the joint is to be accented.

For instance, with golden-brown and buff brick work a pale brownish mortar would be used if the joint is not intended to show much, while a cream-colored or white mortar would be used to give it emphasis.

The following formulæ will be found useful in mixing different colored mortars.

FORMULA FOR DARK BROWN MORTAR

MATERIALS.	PROPORTION.
$\frac{1}{4}$ inch Grit	2 parts
Coarse Sand	5 "
Portland Cement	1 part

Hydrated Lime	$\frac{1}{2}$ part
Yellow (Powder)	$\frac{1}{4}$ "
Brown (Paste)	$\frac{1}{4}$ "
Black (Paste)	$\frac{1}{8}$ "

FORMULA FOR LIGHT GRAY MORTAR

MATERIALS.	PROPORTION.
$\frac{1}{4}$ inch Grit	2 parts
Coarse Sand	5 "
Portland Cement	1 part
Hydrated Lime	$\frac{1}{4}$ "

FORMULA FOR DARK GRAY MORTAR

MATERIALS.	PROPORTION.
$\frac{1}{4}$ inch Grit	2 parts
Coarse Sand	5 "
Portland Cement	1 part
Hydrated Lime	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Yellow (Powder)	$\frac{1}{8}$ "
Black (Paste)	$\frac{1}{8}$ "



DETAIL OF BRICK WORK SHOWING RAKED OUT JOINT.

PRACTICAL BRICK WORK: ANCIENT AND MODERN

FORMULA FOR CREAM GRAY MORTAR.

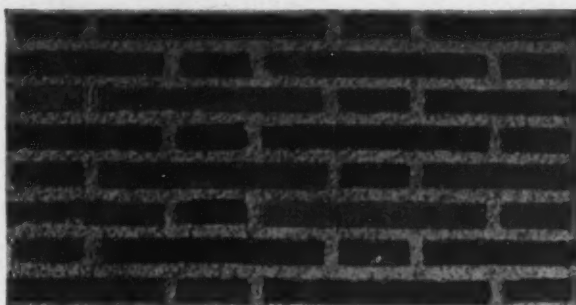
MATERIALS.	PROPORTION.
$\frac{1}{4}$ inch Grit	2 parts
Coarse Sand	5 "
Portland Cement	1 part
Hydrated Lime	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Yellow (Powder)	$\frac{1}{4}$ "

The size of the joint is an important factor in determining the texture of the wall, especially now that the "woven" effect is so widely used in brick work. The relative size and texture of the brick and mortar joints affect the appearance of the wall much as those of the thread determine that of cloth. The modern tendency seems to be toward the large rough joint which is especially appropriate with the rough-finished brick and wide range of color and bond now employed.

Among the joints most commonly used by bricklayers are the following:

The struck joint, made by drawing the point of the trowel along the joint, so giving a smooth surface which is flush with the lower edge of the upper brick, but slightly back of the upper edge of the lower brick.

The weathered joint, made by drawing the point of the trowel across the joint in a slightly slanting position, so cutting off



BRICK WORK IN THE BLAIR HOUSE, OYSTER BAY, L. I.: A MODERN REPRODUCTION OF BRICK USED IN THE FAMOUS BATHS OF TITUS.

the mortar at the top of the joint, but leaving the bottom flush with the edge of the brick.

The tooled joint, made by using a tool known as a jointer with an end either half-round or V-shaped.

The raked joint, made by cutting the joint back from the surface of the brick, either with the point of the trowel, a nail or a small piece of wood.

The rough cut flush joint, made by allowing the mortar to ooze out beyond the surface of the brick and then cutting off the surplus with a quick stroke of the trowel.

The rodged joint, made by using a straight-edge and cutting a straight line with the edge of the trowel along the top and bottom of the joint, flush with the edges of the brick. This joint is very similar to a struck joint, but is a somewhat finer finish.

In mixing the mortar for the joints it is advisable to add a proportion of small pebbles where the joints are more than half an inch thick. This will give the mortar sufficient body to insure its holding the brick in position while the lime and cement are setting. It adds greatly to the ease with which brick can be laid in free mortar joints and assures the permanency of the work. Pebbles are also used to give a coarser texture to the joint. For example, where a free rough joint of somewhat subdued gray color is desired, the mortar should be mixed in the following proportions:

Two parts of pebbles, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch and less in diameter (all sand removed), 5 parts of sharp building sand, 1 part of Portland cement, $\frac{1}{2}$ part of lime putty. The lime putty should be prepared in advance of the mortar-mixing and the ingredients of each

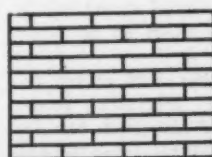


FIG ONE

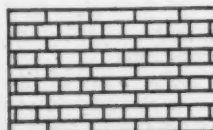


FIG FOUR

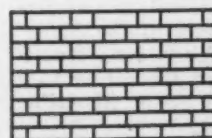


FIG TWO

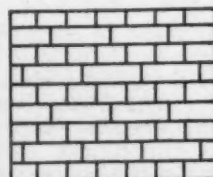


FIG FIVE

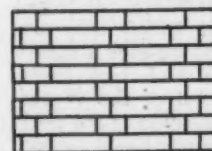


FIG THREE

FIG. ONE: RUNNING BOND.
FIG. TWO: FLEMISH BOND.
FIG. THREE: DOUBLE STRETCHER FLEMISH BOND.
FIG. FOUR: ENGLISH BOND.
FIG. FIVE: DUTCH BOND.

WILL CONGRESS HELP THE BIRDS?

batch of mortar should be carefully measured, not left to the eye or judgment of the mortar-mixer, as is commonly done. According to a well-known authority, too much emphasis cannot be laid on this rule, as it is of vital importance.

The following description of materials for wide mortar joints may be useful for a clear understanding of this matter:

"Grit."—This material consists of pebbles varying from $1/32$ of an inch in diameter to a diameter about equal to one-half the width of the joint; that is to say, grit for a half-inch joint should contain pebbles not over $1/4$ inch in diameter. This grit should be screened free from sand in order that a measured amount of both grit and sand may be used in the mortar. The practice of using a mixture of sand and pebbles as the material comes from the ordinary sandbank is usually unsatisfactory, owing to the varying proportion of grit thus obtained.

The proper use of grit is the key-note to the wide mortar joint question. Grit gives the mortar a short, granular consistency, making it impossible to smear the face of the brick. Moreover, it gives the mortar a certain body, comparable in a degree to concrete, making it, even when soft, capable of sustaining a heavy load. Thus, with a mortar containing the proper proportion of grit, one course of brick after another can be laid rapidly and the mortar will not squeeze out of the lower courses, even while it is still soft.

To omit grit in the mixing of the mortar is to invite continual trouble during the progress of the work and final failure in its finished appearance.

Sand.—Unless a very white joint is desired, any good ordinary bank sand or "native" sand is perfectly satisfactory, provided it is coarse and sharp. *Sand coming from salt water beaches should absolutely be prohibited*, as the salt often effloresces from the mortar joint in the spring of the year, thereby causing very disagreeable disfigurement.

Cement.—Any first-class Portland cement is satisfactory.

Lime.—Where lime putty is used, it should be thoroughly slaked until all lumps are disintegrated. On small work and in certain localities the use of dry hydrated lime will be convenient and economical.

Coloring Matter.—This must be determined by the taste of the designer.

WILL CONGRESS HELP THE BIRDS?

IN a recent article published in *Forest and Stream*, we read that an important measure to help the birds will come up before the next session of Congress. So significant is this bill, and so interested is THE CRAFTSMAN in the preservation of birds, that we quote from the article, hoping that our readers will find it of sufficient interest to add their good word to all the messages that will go to Congress in favor of the birds.

"Enlightened sportsmen throughout the country agree that such a bill as that presented by Representative Weeks, of Massachusetts, is necessary to prevent the speedy and total extinction of certain migrants. They point to at least two cases—that of the wild pigeon and the Eskimo curlew—in which shooting during the breeding season has resulted in annihilation. The woodcock and wood duck are in immediate danger of a like fate.

"It is significant that of the twenty-four varieties of ducks, geese and swans breeding within our borders, the wood duck is the one most distinctly a resident of the United States. Protection for this bird would be sure to result in its increase, for it seldom leaves the confines of the Union. Many other species, which have been driven from their former breeding grounds, would stop with us again, if on their arrival in the spring they were not greeted with deadly fusillades which compel them to continue northward.

"Since many of the individual States refuse adequately to protect migratory birds, the only way their extermination can be prevented is for the Federal Government to do so. It is held in some quarters that this would be unconstitutional, as interfering with the police powers of the States. But there is precedent for Federal control of matters which concern the nation as a whole when the States refuse, or are unable to control them.

"The bill has been recommended by the American Game Protection and Propagation Association and all others who are qualified to pass judgment on such a measure. Every sportsman and bird lover should work in the interest of the Weeks bill, so that when it is presented at the next session of Congress, sentiment will be too strong to be upset."

SCIENTIFIC HOUSECLEANING

SCIENTIFIC HOUSECLEANING

From a pamphlet on rules for cleaning from the Cornell Reading-Course. Mary Urie Watson: Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada.

ONE of the first principles of scientific management is to systematize each piece of routine work so that it may be done in the shortest time with the least expenditure of energy. A record is made of the best method to accomplish the given piece of work and that record is put in a form that is available to the average worker. If systematic work saves time the house is the first place in which to begin the new campaign for scientific management, since the slogan of many housekeepers is, "so much to do, and so little time to do it."

The following "rules for work" will not furnish to the housekeeper new ways of cleaning and working. They do not even attempt to include all the ordinary work of the house. The purpose of the rules is to give directions for various household processes in a form that may aid the housekeeper in systematizing her own work and the work of those who are assisting her.

THE CLEANING CLOSET.

In every house there should be a cupboard or a closet set aside for cleaning purposes, "with a place for everything and everything in its place." The cleansing materials and apparatus listed under the following directions are not expensive and greatly simplify the cleaning problem. Shelves and racks should be provided for holding all apparatus and materials needed, and as far as possible labels should show where each brush, broom, pail, or bottle is to be returned.

The following list of materials and utensils should be included in the housekeeper's cleaning kit:

CLEANING MATERIALS.

Alcohol, alum, ammonia, bath brick, methylated spirit, olive oil, paraffin, rottenstone, salt, separator oil, black lead, borax, furniture polish, kerosene, soap, turpentine vinegar, washing soda, wax (floor), whitening.

CLEANING ARTICLES.

Apron, stove; carpet, piece of old Brussels; chamois skin or leather; flannel, heavy; flannel, waxing; flannelette for dusters; cheesecloth; cloth, scrub; cloth, soft; flannel, Canton; gloves, rubber; mitt, for kerosene; waste, cotton (cotton waste may be bought at any hardware store).

CLEANING UTENSILS.

Boiler, for clothes; brush, closet; brush, cornice; brush, scrub; brush, soft; brush, trap; brush, weighted; brush, wire (for sink); carpet sweeper; dauber; dishpans; funnels; ironing tables, etc.; irons; monkey wrench; mop, cloth; mop, string; saucepans (old); scissors (for lamp); stepladder; tub; tub, fiber; washboard; whisk broom; wringer.

DAILY DUSTING.

Apparatus:

A cheesecloth duster, a slightly damp flannelette duster, a strong mop, and (if the room has a rug or a carpet) the carpet sweeper.

Procedure:

1. Air the room, if necessary.
2. Sweep the rug or carpet with the sweeper.
3. Dust any bare floor with the strong mop.
4. Dust the window glass, window ledges, and all outstanding of wainscoting, cupboards, and the like, with the flannelette duster, and the chairs, tables, and smaller articles with the finer one.
5. Use the dusters to wipe up the dust, and do not shake them about. When one duster becomes dirty take another.
6. Wipe finger marks from electric-light-button plates.
7. When dusting stairways it may be necessary to use the long-handled cornice brush.
8. Avoid letting soiled dusters rest on beds, upholstered furniture, and like places.
9. Be careful to replace desk papers exactly as they were found.
10. Arrange the window shades before leaving the room.
11. Empty, dust, and put away the carpet sweeper. Put away the string mop, washing it if necessary. Wash the dusters and hang them up to dry.
12. Dustless dusters and mops may be used instead of dampened ones.

DISH WASHING.

Apparatus:

Dishpan, rinsing pan, draining pan and basket, dishcloth, several clean, dry dish towels, boiling water, soap, and washing soda.

Procedure:

1. Put iron pots and pans to soak in strong soda-water, also put to soak any cooking dishes that need it. Pile one inside another so as to clean the outside also.

SCIENTIFIC HOUSECLEANING

This should be done the moment the contents are emptied, and before the meal goes to the table.

2. Clean the dining table, and leave the room in order.

3. Put the food away, scrape and stack the dishes at the washing end of the table, putting to soak any that need it.

4. Set out the pans, with the draining basket in the rinsing pan. Half fill the dishpan with hot soapy water, three-quarters, fill the rinsing pan with nearly boiling water.

5. Wash the glass, dropping each piece gently into the basket. Put flat silver into the dishwater to soak. Lift the basket of glass into the draining pan, dry the glass, and set it aside. Use the softest towels for this and see that the glass is left shining. (If you prefer the glass dried out of cold water, use it, and then fill the pan with boiling water.)

6. Return the basket to the rinsing pan. Wash, rinse, and dry the silver the same as the glass. The towels *must* be dry for the silver.

7. Wash, rinse, and dry the small china pieces the same as glass, and put away the basket.

8. Wash, rinse, and leave the rest of the china and crockery to drain, while the pots and pans are being washed.

9. Dry the china and crockery, rinse and dry the pots and pans. Scour the steel knives and forks.

10. Put away all the dishes.

11. Empty the dishpan, put rinsing water in it, wash the other pans, dry with the cloth wrung dry, and put them away.

12. If the rinsing water is still clean and warm, scrub the table and the sink with it; if not, get fresh water. Wash the teakettle, inside and out, once a day, when the water is soapy.

13. Put towels and dishcloth to soak in hot soapy water. This need be done but once a day, usually after the midday meal.

14. Rub off the stove. Sweep the kitchen floor. Empty the garbage pail.

15. Wash the towels and dishcloth. Rinse the pail out with the suds, and dry with the cloth wrung dry. Rinse the towels thoroughly in hot water and hang to dry, in fresh air if possible.

16. Dust the kitchen once a day.

NOTE.—The dishwater should be kept hot and soapy enough to prevent the formation of a grease ring on the pan, and

should be changed when dirty. Keep the rinsing water very hot, thus requiring fewer towels.

TO WAX A FLOOR.

Apparatus:

The can of floor wax, a waxing flannel, a half yard of heavy flannel or a piece of old brussels carpet, and a weighted brush.

Procedure:

1. The floor must be clean and free from dust.

2. If necessary, stand the wax can in a dish of hot water in order to soften the wax.

3. Rub the waxing flannel on the wax and put a very thin, even layer of wax on the floor. It is better to rub along the boards than across. Start at the corner farthest from the door, and do not step on the waxed part.

4. Put away the wax and flannel, and keep off the floor for at least three hours. The polishing can be done after standing an hour, but is more work.

5. Fold the piece of heavy flannel twice, making four layers, put it down on the floor, put the weighted brush on it, and rub each board, with the grain, until it shines. The piece of carpet makes an excellent substitute for the flannel. The polishing can be done on the hands and knees without a weighted brush, but is much harder work.

METAL WARE.

To clean brass and copper.

Apparatus:

Rottenstone, sweet oil, scouring flannels, chamois skin, clean dry towel, and a saucer; also, if necessary, a soft brush.

Procedure:

1. Wash the article in hot, soapy water.

If badly tarnished, it may be necessary to make a weak solution of oxalic acid and rub this over the article before washing it. The acid, however, is a dangerous thing to use if the skin is broken anywhere on the hands.

2. Mix a little paste of rottenstone and oil in the saucer and scour the brass vigorously with it. Be especially careful to get it into crevices and corners.

3. Wash thoroughly with hot water and soap, rinse and dry. If the article seems greasy after the washing, the water was not sufficiently soapy and the washing should be done over.

4. Polish with chamois skin.

5. Wash out the cloths and chamois skin and hang them up to dry.

FOOD WASTE: THE REMEDY

NOTE.—If the article is very badly tarnished it may be rubbed with fine emery paper, or finely pulverized pumice stone may be used as a paste with the acid or with water, rubbing vigorously.

THE REFRIGERATOR.

Apparatus:

Two dishpans, the trap brush, a small scrub brush, two dishcloths, a clean towel, soap, washing soda, and ammonia.

Procedure:

1. Empty the water pan below and replace it.
2. Fill the sink or a dishpan half full of strong hot soapsuds. Put warm water into a dishpan, to the depth of an inch and add a half tablespoonful ammonia.
3. Remove the ice to the other dishpan, using the dishcloths to prevent its slipping. Gather up any straws or dirt.
4. Remove all food. Put the ice rack and the shelves into the soapsuds.
5. Wash the ice box carefully and quickly with the ammonia water. Be sure to get all the corners clean, and scrub the waste pipe with the trap brush. Rinse it down with the ammonia water, and then with a dipperful of fresh, clean water. Dry with the dishcloth wrung out of clean water.
6. If the waste pipe is movable, take it out of the food closet and put it in the soapsuds. Scrub the ice rack and the shelves with the scrub brush, and the pipe with the trap brush. Let off the suds, rinse the pieces in plenty of cold water, and dry with the towel.
7. Replace the ice rack and the ice, and close the ice box doors.
8. Mix a fresh lot of ammonia water, and wash the walls and floor of the food closet. Be sure the corners are clean. Dry with the towel. Be very sure that removable parts belonging to the waste pipe are taken apart, washed thoroughly, and carefully fitted back into place. Then replace the waste pipe and the shelves.
9. Replace the food, but do not close the doors.
10. Wash out the pipe cap under the refrigerator most carefully with the ammonia water and soap.
11. Empty the water pan and wash it thoroughly, with plenty of soap in the ammonia water, before replacing it.
12. Close the refrigerator doors.
13. Wash out and put away the dishpan, brushes, and cloths.

FOOD WASTE: A MATTER OF BETTER MARKET CONTROL

THE small yield per acre in the United States that is causing a cry for the development of a better harvest is based on the notion that there is not enough food produced for the population. That the yield per acre in the United States is smaller than that in European countries is undeniable, but the remedy does not lie in expanding the tilled acreage or in practising intensive gardening and farming over a wide area. Such a course would mean an extravagance on the producer's part that would bring about his certain ruin, for it would only increase his already overwhelming difficulties in disposing of his products. Of the produce now raised the producer is every year unable to market a very large proportion. In Long Island alone carloads of apples rotted last autumn because prices offered by speculators were too low to warrant picking, barreling and shipping. Carloads of potatoes, undersized but of perfect food value, went into pig-sties or compost heaps, or lay in the rows. Barrels of cabbages and cauliflowers, unsymmetrical, slightly specked or not quite compact, were equally beneath the speculators' notice and were left to rot. And all other vegetables in proportion, useless in the speculators' eyes because of shape, size or color, lay in rotting heaps to remind the producer of time, labor and money spent uselessly. Yet every one of these products was an article of sound food, much needed, which could have been transported to the New York markets and sold there from 100 to 400 per cent. below the charges made to consumers.

Under present conditions many fruits and vegetables are in four grades: "fancies," firsts, seconds and culls. A short time ago it paid the producer to ship even culls; now he ships only fancies and firsts.

Supply and demand as a logical commercial factor long since disappeared, and it is simply another waste of time, labor and money to work for an increased yield per acre until the market-place is open to the direct representative of the producer who will find a prompt demand for seconds and culls of all food products.

As a matter of fact, some organized producers have agreed to cut production this summer, as by decreased production and reduced labor and area, they will have proportionately bigger returns.

HOW TO MAKE CRAFTSMAN FILET CURTAINS

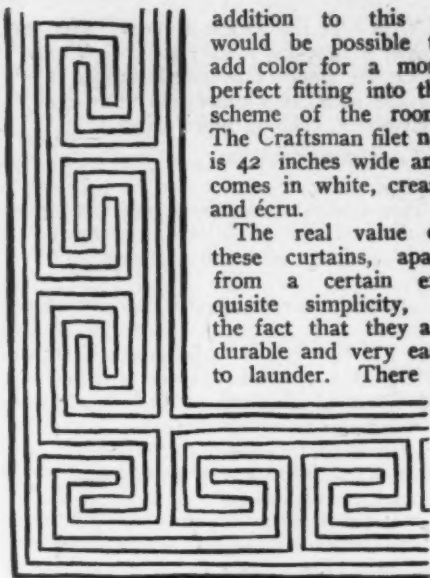
A LESSON IN DARNING FILET NET ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS

SO many of THE CRAFTSMAN's friends are making the simple filet net curtains for inner window drapery that we feel we are really meeting a definite need in presenting in this issue of the magazine simple designs in darning work with patterns that can be made by anyone with the least deftness in needlework. No special training is necessary and the work is done not only easily, but swiftly. We have felt for some time that the woman interested in darning net would like to accomplish results with less time than has been necessary for the more elaborate patterns, usually seen in this handicraft.

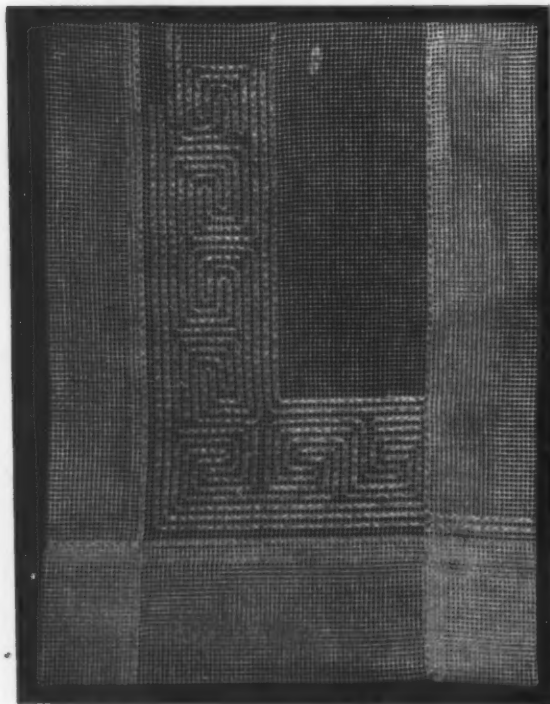
In fitting up Craftsman rooms we find that no curtains are so suited for simple window decoration as filet net darned in interesting designs with mercerized cotton floss. In our Craftsman curtains we use both cream and écru floss. Of course, in

addition to this it would be possible to add color for a more perfect fitting into the scheme of the room. The Craftsman filet net is 42 inches wide and comes in white, cream and écru.

The real value of these curtains, apart from a certain exquisite simplicity, is the fact that they are durable and very easy to launder. There is



PATTERN FOR DESIGN NO. 1.



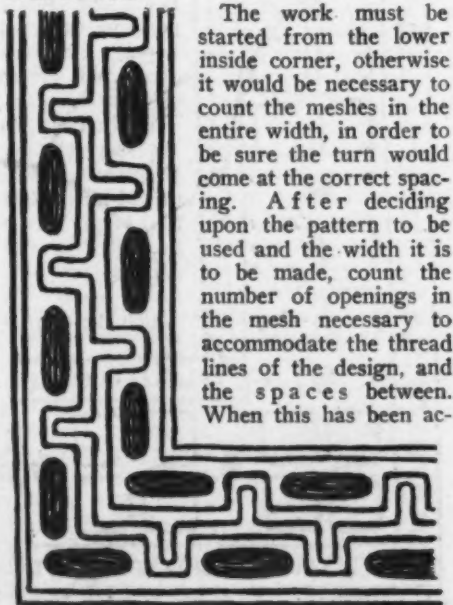
CRAFTSMAN DESIGN FOR FILET NET NO. 1.

none of the trouble that the old Nottingham curtain used to make the housewife when the time came to freshen the windows. Neither have they the ragged, dreary look of the muslin curtain when it is not laundered every few weeks. They are really a very worth while part of the equipment of the modern home, for they meet the demand of the modern housekeeper for beauty, suitability and durability, as few curtains on the market. And then, it practically goes without saying that the woman who is herself *making* at least a portion of her household fittings is bound to enjoy her home infinitely more than the woman who expects only to use the handiwork of others. And no curtains are ever so lovely in the windows and contribute more to the enjoyment of a room, than those that have been especially designed for the exact window and room that they are to adorn. The designs we are giving in this article for darning filet net have been drawn for us and the curtains have been worked exclusively to illustrate what we have to say on the subject.

HOW TO MAKE CRAFTSMAN FILET CURTAINS

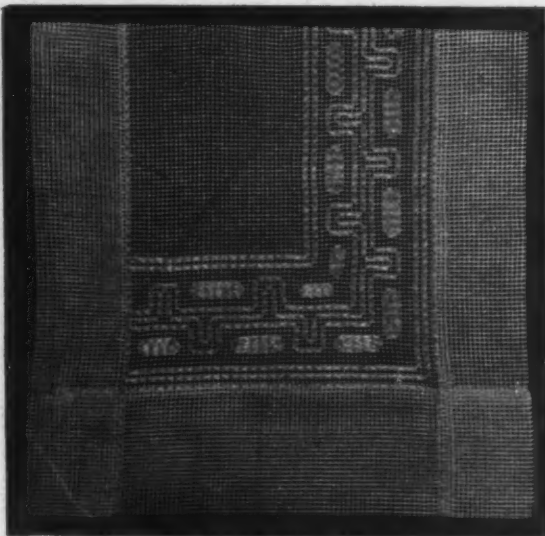
The following lesson in simple darning work with the practical patterns which we offer here, will furnish any woman interested in the subject, with the information necessary to outfit her house completely with these most practical and attractive window hangings. To begin, the small square mesh of the filet net is filled by a single heavy thread, so that the work can be quickly done. The threads are run regularly in and out through the meshes. They should not be drawn tightly, but care should be taken to leave no loops, and to keep the work flat. A long, blunt darning needle is used. When beginning with each new strand, no knot is made, but the threads are allowed to overlap through several squares of the mesh, both ends being kept on the under side.

The curtains should be hemmed before the border is darned. No basting is necessary. The mesh of the two parts is held so that the threads run straight and the hem is run in the same manner as the darning. Its edge may be made to form a line in the border, or be separated from it as desired.



PATTERN FOR DESIGN NO. 2.

The work must be started from the lower inside corner, otherwise it would be necessary to count the meshes in the entire width, in order to be sure the turn would come at the correct spacing. After deciding upon the pattern to be used and the width it is to be made, count the number of openings in the mesh necessary to accommodate the thread lines of the design, and the spaces between. When this has been ac-



CRAFTSMAN DESIGN FOR FILET NET NO. 2.

curately determined, run in the threads which are to form the edges of the border in single or double line. This will assist in counting the spaces while proceeding with the darning, since it is simpler to count from the nearest side in each half of the border.

After the first repeat of the design has been completed, it is easy to remember the number of meshes to be counted for each turn, and, as in crocheting or knitting, soon becomes a matter of habit. Rapid progress is developed as the work is well under way. If error in the count and turn be made, and a spacing result larger or smaller than it should be, time and trouble may be saved by clipping the darning thread where the mistake occurs. The thread cannot be drawn out for a greater distance than between any two turns without destroying the evenness and firmness of the net, so that to cut off the short portion drawn out at each turn simplifies the difficulty. After the darning is finished the work should be well pressed. This greatly improves its appearance.

Rounded corners in the figure of a design are effected by simply turning the run at right angles. Square corners, desirable in some instances to lend greater positiveness and sharpness to the outline of a figure, may be obtained by passing the working thread over, then up through the same mesh at the angles, as shown in a portion

HOW TO MAKE CRAFTSMAN FILET CURTAINS



CRAFTSMAN DESIGN FOR FILET NET NO. 3.

of the border in Fig. 3. Flower forms may be introduced, but require more time, and present complications not met with in the geometrical patterns having angles. Curved lines do not lend themselves so readily to work upon filet. They may be used, however, with charming effect, as in filet lace, but floral borders are more intricate than most busy women wish to work out for themselves.

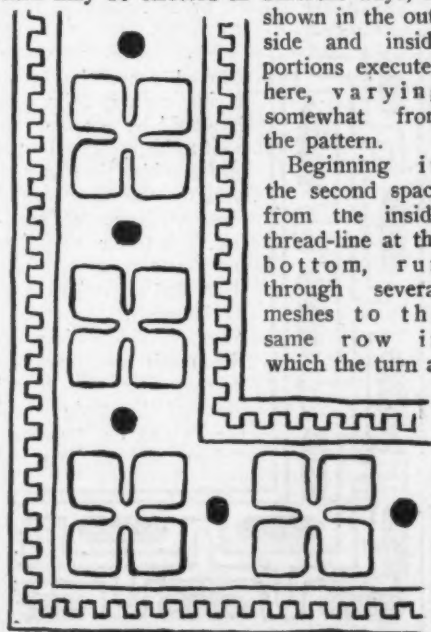
Our object has been to give here a few simple line designs to suggest the plan for original ones in which some favorite motif, or one used elsewhere in the decoration of the interior for which the filet curtains are planned, may be repeated in their darned borders. Color notes may also be introduced with satisfying results. Yellow, rose and soft green show especially pleasing effects, either to look upon or through, enriching the curtain more than when self-toned thread is used. The examples illustrated have been done in yellow, which offers just enough contrast to slightly emphasize the pattern, and has a sunny appearance.

The least perplexing in execution of these designs, therefore the most encouraging for a beginner in darning filet, is No. 3. It may not appear so simple as one or

two of the others, but it will be found much easier to work out, as the turns are simpler, the forms in the center very definite and more readily followed by the eye, so that less counting and fewer mistakes are the result. The border itself requires 37 spaces: 9 for each outer portion, and 19 for the center. As two spaces are allowed between the hem and border, run the first thread into the third space. This may be started at the side or the end, as no figure is involved at the corner, which is turned when the third space from the opposite hem is reached. The next thread is run into the eighth space from the first thread, and turned in the same way. These two now provide the limits for the more decorative broken or key line to be run within, separated from each straight thread-line by one space. This is best begun at the corner to insure accuracy, but slight irregularities in this are no objection, and the turn may be effected in different ways, as

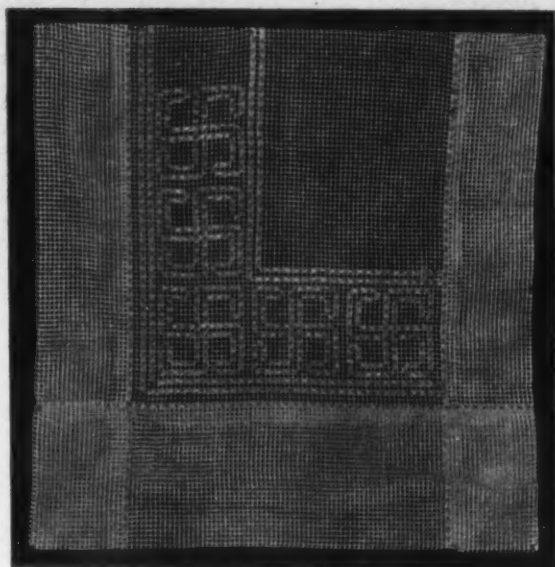
shown in the outside and inside portions executed here, varying somewhat from the pattern.

Beginning in the second space from the inside thread-line at the bottom, run through several meshes to the same row in which the turn at



PATTERN FOR DESIGN NO. 3.

HOW TO MAKE CRAFTSMAN FILET CURTAINS



CRAFTSMAN DESIGN FOR FILET NET NO. 4.

right angles has been made in it. Follow this into the second space from the outside thread line; turn (always at right angles), run three meshes and turn again, continuing so to the end, two spaces being left between all the horizontal lines. Working in the opposite direction, holding the bottom hem as the top, overlap the thread where joining through 3 or 4 meshes, and continue to outer edge, as above described.

Allowing 19 spaces for the central figures, run the next straight thread-line in the 20th space from the inner one of the part already darned. Turn it into the 20th space from the opposite one when the corner is reached. In the same way run another straight thread-line into the eighth space from this, thus forming the two lines for the inner edge of the border. Again starting the broken line at the corner, proceed with it as before.

Each of the central figures requires a square 17 x 17 spaces; the four parts each a square 8 x 8 spaces. Starting in the corner at the outer edge run the thread into the 2nd space from the straight thread-line through several meshes, turn into the 2nd space and run through 7 spaces; turn, run six spaces; turn, run two; turn, run six; turn, run seven; repeat this to form the other portions of the figure until the starting point is reached again and the threads overlapped. The points in the center should

be separated by 3 spaces each way. The figures are separated by 7 spaces, so in beginning each let it start in the 8th space from the adjoining one.

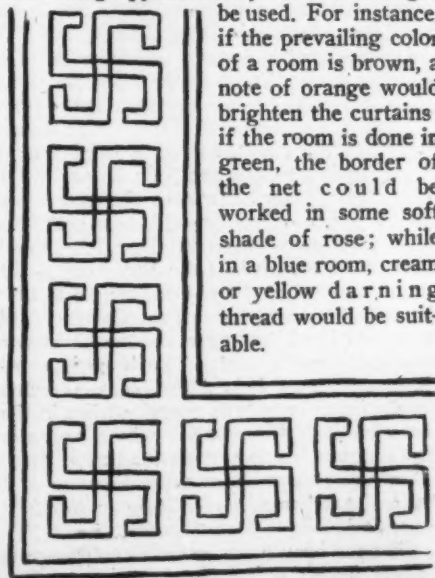
When the outer edge is reached, the pattern is worked right to the hem, terminating as it may, whether the figure is complete, or only partly so, thus preventing the distraction of an unfilled space.

The dots are run solid around the central or 4th space from the figure on either side. They are somewhat elongated in the worked net, to better fill the space, being run through 3 meshes one way and 5 the other. To make them solid, run each mesh twice. They are 2 spaces from the figures.

After carrying out this simpler pattern, the more complex ones that require considerably more counting, may be taken up with a clearer understanding of just what is necessary—absolute accuracy.

In evolving one's own designs for such curtains, one would of course keep in mind the other furnishings of the room, and a delightful plan would be, as suggested before, to repeat in the border some decorative motif used elsewhere in the room. The same thing applies to any color that might

be used. For instance, if the prevailing color of a room is brown, a note of orange would brighten the curtains; if the room is done in green, the border of the net could be worked in some soft shade of rose; while in a blue room, cream or yellow darning thread would be suitable.



PATTERN FOR DESIGN NO. 4.

WHITE BREAD OR BROWN?

THE BATTLE BETWEEN WHITE AND BROWN BREAD

IN the *New York Times* of October 3rd there was an editorial under the heading *The Taste for White Bread*. The Editor quotes from Professor Wood of Cambridge, England, to the effect that white bread is more digestible than brown or graham bread and that it is rich in protein as well as energy producing elements and therefore is preferred by the public and endorsed by Professor Wood. He states it as a fact that white bread "can only be made satisfactorily from a blend of wheat rich in protein" and argues from that fact that the deficiency in practice (of white bread eating) is by no means great. He thinks that this is in the average more than compensative by the greater digestibility of the protein of the higher grade of flour.

In the first place the white flour which Professor Wood commends is superior *only* because, as he says, it is made from blends of wheat rich in protein. In comparing breads made from white and brown flour the two flours should be made from exactly the same grade of wheat or wheats equal in protein content, in order that a sound conclusion may be reached. Obviously it would be unfair to compare the protein values of any two kinds of bread that are not made from the same quality of wheat. It is equally certain that the white bread contains *no more* protein than the brown bread made from the same grade of wheat.

As to the question of the relative digestibility of the two kinds of bread I would call attention to the fact that it has never been shown that the protein element in the brown bread is less digestible or that less of it is digested than in the white bread when both are made from the same grade of wheat. All that has been shown is that the bran or coarse part of the brown bread is not digested, but passes along the track practically unchanged. The bran is valuable not because it is digestible. Its value (aside from the salts it contains) lies in the fact that it is "roughage" which prevents the contents of the digestive track from adhering to its walls or from forming into dry and hard masses, resulting in so-called constipation.

That the bran has a value as roughage is evident from the fact that bran is now fre-

quently prescribed by physicians. Crackers and breads made chiefly of bran are extensively sold and used as a corrective for the conditions named above.

The only valid argument in favor of white flour as against graham is that it lends itself far better to present day commercial and milling conditions. It keeps better because the germ of the wheat has been removed. It is the wheat germ that makes graham flour an unsatisfactory article of commerce.

Professor Wood does not deny that the wheat germ has food value—he merely denies that it has any but that represented by the protein and energy producing elements. Surely these are worth saving.

The germ is the most alive part of the grain and it is well established that the nearer to life the food is the better it is as food. It is also true that the more perishable it is the more important that it be consumed without delay. These qualities are good for man, bad for commerce. The real reason why white flour and white bread are sold and consumed is that there are milling interests; commercial reasons which control. We have forgotten that mills and commerce exist for the sake of man and not man for the sake of the milling and commercial interests. If the mill were brought nearer the bakershop and the bakershop nearer the consumer a graham loaf could be made and baked thoroughly that would have such a nutty taste and appetizing flavor that it would win its way to popular favor and prove a potent help in those processes of stomach and bowel movements which are so necessary to the welfare of human life. When the "staff of life" is restored to its proper place in our dietary it probably will contain all that is packed up in those precious packages called "grains," including the bran and the germ.

THE FLOUR BIN

I WAS a young housekeeper for several years before it dawned on my consciousness that flour spoils sooner or later just as do all other grain foods. Then I bethought myself of the necessity for *scalding* out the tin flour bin whenever emptied before putting in a new supply. When you realize that the flour in the bottom (if not entirely emptied each time) may be very old indeed, you see the need for a complete cleansing between purchases.

CHRISTMAS AND THE CRAFTSMAN

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CHRISTMAS AND THE CRAFTSMAN

ALWAYS at Christmas time there seems to be a tendency throughout the Christian world for people to draw closer together. A certain intimacy seems born out of the romance and sentiment of the yule-tide holiday. Families are brought in touch from all over the world, children seem, if possible, a shade dearer to parents, friends remember each other through their hearts rather than their heads. There can be no doubt, in fact, that in spite of some of the excrescences that have appeared upon what we have loved to think of as a Christmas spirit (because, of course, always throughout the world there will be greed and insincerity) still the Christmas-tide is fraught with beautiful tender meaning, both spiritual and human, for all genuine people the world over.

And so it seems only reasonable to us if we have a message for our friends and readers, to select the Christmas-tide in which to send it. We have felt in the present year such an increase of interest among those who know and care for *THE CRAFTSMAN*, and even among those who in the past have not cared, that it seems reasonable to say a word of welcome to our new readers, as well as a word of appreciation to our old friends. The magazine has meant so much to us personally, because it has been a personal and sincere proposition from the very first issue, that we can speak with the greatest frankness and interest of what we have striven to do and even of what we have accomplished. From the first day that articles were under consideration for *THE CRAFTSMAN* it has been our purpose to put in the magazine only what we absolutely believed in; not what the popular vote called for, not what we thought some other magazine would like or publish, not what we thought would have a sharp sensational appeal that would bring us subscribers by sweeping people off their feet for a moment. These methods of gaining subscribers have never seemed worth while to our circulation department. We have only published the things we believed in, the things we wanted people to know we believed in and the things which we felt our readers ought to believe in. When we have had but a little to say we have published a small magazine, and we have never

added a page to the magazine except for the purpose of publishing what we felt essential. In other words, we added pages as our opportunity increased for coming in contact with what was best in art, architecture, civic improvement, social betterment and craft work.

In order to get for our readers what we thought the most significant articles about an age which is full of significant developments, we have very largely had to order material for our publication. We have found that the great mass of the enormous amount of manuscripts that is submitted to us was written in a general way for any magazine or for any public. To get the specific thing about important matters of real value to our people and handled in a simple, lucid, convincing manner, we have had to study the whole field of national development, also the whole field of good writers, that we might furnish what seemed valuable to us in the way in which it would be most enjoyed.

We have never entered into competition with magazines that have thought it worth while to publish important names regardless of the articles over which these names appeared. It has become a habit in America and even in England to get men who have written one good article in which they believed or who have achieved one important deed, to write articles about things of which they knew nothing, merely because their names had a familiar ring to the public. No man or woman's name has counted with us except as the individual had a message that seemed to us the best that could be delivered upon that particular topic, and delivered in the clearest, most interesting English. We have not studied "publicity at all hazards," rather we have studied constructive growth at any sacrifice.

It has never seemed to us as important to criticise as to construct. We have felt here in America an immense opportunity for growth; we have felt that in the very heart of the people lay hidden the art essential to us, the architecture which expresses the life of our people, and the craft which people need for their full understanding of life. We have wanted in every way that was possible to make clear to our readers the immense significance of the civilization which they are today a part of.

We have been accused of being opposed to foreign art, opposed to old standards, opposed to tradition. As a matter of fact

CHRISTMAS AND THE CRAFTSMAN

we are not opposed to anything in the world that is constructively good; but we have felt that America's tendency to imitate the old, to atrophy in tradition was a bad thing for growth in this country along fine, spiritual lines. If we remember the art of Europe and the Orient which has given us the greatest pleasure, we would find it to be that which most vitally expressed the spirituality or emotional enjoyment of the people. We have feared here in America that such beauty in art might never be ours, hence our fatal habit of imitating and enjoying only the beauty that has the legend of foreign success upon it.

And so while *THE CRAFTSMAN* has enjoyed to the utmost all that the great and simple of all times have accomplished, it has been the purpose of our magazine from the beginning, and always will be its purpose, to forward so far as possible, natural expression of beauty native to our own country. We feel that America has all the tragedy, the romance, the inherent beauty essential for the development of the greatest art and architecture of the world; but that such progress as we have hoped for and longed for, will only be achieved when in our workshops as well as in our studios we create from imagination, not from memory.

And so it is the purpose of *THE CRAFTSMAN* today, as it was eleven years ago, to help if we can, to open American eyes to the possibilities of American achievement. We want to be a part of the inherent growth of our own country; we want to feel, if such good fortune is ours, that we have aided in this growth; we want everything we make and do to express the ideals for which we have been working since the first copy of the magazine was given the public. The success that has come to us confirms our opinion that we are on the right track, and our policy for the future will be merely a continuation, an enlargement of the work which we have been doing in the past. If possible, we shall want to present more art from a larger point of view, more architecture to prove how beautiful the American home can be made, more craft work that our boys and girls may understand better the value of labor, more fiction and poetry which touch upon the great essential human emotions and their development out toward real accomplishment in life. We want the magazine to stand, as we have so often said, for

craftsmanship in life, in all the phases of life, from the studio to the kitchen, from the workshop to the schoolroom.

If we are leaving out any phase of life that seems of value to our readers, we shall be delighted to hear from them. We want the magazine, so far as is possible, to be a comprehensive record of constructive American life. This may seem a very large order for a maker of a magazine, and undoubtedly we shall have many disappointments and make many blunders; but at least we promise our readers that we shall not swerve from our ideal, and with this promise we offer our holiday greetings to all those whom we count as our friends.

WHAT THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT REALLY MEANS

THE verdict of the people at the polls on November 5th was something far more significant than a mere endorsement of the Democratic party's platform or a vote of confidence in the Democratic party's candidate. More than anything else, it was a ringing declaration that the sentiment of this country is progressive in the widest and best sense of the word, and that the smug formulas and shibboleths with which the reactionaries have so often warned us back from the onward path have at last lost their power to intimidate. Compare the three and a half million votes cast for President Taft with the aggregate of eleven million polled by Governor Wilson and Colonel Roosevelt, and we get a fair working index to the relative strength of ultra-conservative and progressive sentiment in the United States. The Wilson vote, it is true, represents the conservative as well as the progressive element of his party, but while the former wields immense power because of its wealth and position, in actual numbers it is comparatively insignificant. Colonel Roosevelt is not our next President because probably at least nine out of every ten progressive Democrats are confident that under Woodrow Wilson's leadership their party can be redeemed from the domination of special interest and made truly responsive to the will and aspirations of the people. Thus the vote that gives back the reins of government to a party that has been out of office for sixteen years lays at the same time a moral mandate upon that party, and this mandate cannot with impunity be ignored.

WHAT THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT REALLY MEANS

Even the most reluctant will have to recognize this message in the election returns. They cannot by any sophistry shut their eyes to the fact that Governor Wilson's victory, while of unprecedented magnitude if measured by the number of States carried and the number of electoral votes won, wears a very different aspect when viewed simply in the light of the popular vote. It then appears that the landslide which swept the Democratic candidate into office was actually made up of less than half the votes cast, and that therefore President Wilson, despite his really splendid triumph, takes up his responsibilities as a minority President, the expressed choice of less than half the voters. This phase of the victory emphasizes the fact that the Democratic party, although commissioned to guide the nation's destinies for at least the next four years, has not been given *carte blanche* to follow its own devices. It has been handed the sword of power that it may cut the paralyzing coils of privilege which have been gradually tightening around our government, and that it may utilize the forces thus liberated for the righting of the social and industrial injustices which privilege always breeds. And the presence of the new Progressive party in the field, already more than four million strong by the election day count, gives the people a comforting assurance that the Democracy cannot afford, even if it would, to forget what it is in office for.

The election returns have placed the Progressive party, a party organized only four months ago for the purpose of giving force and expression to the new spirit that is dominating American politics, in the position of the second great party in the nation, while at the same time they have relegated the long unconquerable Republican party, which had become the ark of the covenant of special privilege, to the humiliating position of a poor third in the race. The 4,500,000 votes that made the Progressive party the official party in more than two-thirds of the States stand as an amazing and encouraging revelation of the extent to which the popular imagination has been fired by a splendid vision and the people's hearts stirred by a noble unrest. The nation has learned to think in terms of welfare instead of wealth. In the nature of things the Progressive party will ultimately absorb one of the old parties, or one of the old parties will experience re-

generation by nominally absorbing, but really becoming one with, the Progressives. Any other outcome is practically inconceivable, if we take into consideration the growing spirit of democracy that is in the air, not only in America, but in Europe and even in Asia. Some conservative and timid natures are troubled because such a movement as that of the Progressives attracts to its banners not only those who are unselfishly devoted to the cause of human betterment, but also many who are discontented and unstable by nature. These apprehensive ones may find some comfort in remembering that David in his contest with King Saul attracted to him "every one that was in distress, every one that was in debt, every one that was discontented," yet "he became a captain over them, and they became mighty men of valor."

No less significant than the heavy vote polled by the Progressives is the country's crushing repudiation of the Republican party, which is left so stripped and bare that it can claim little more than a dozen of the five hundred and odd votes of the electoral college. And this overwhelming defeat befell the Republicans under the leadership of a man of unquestioned integrity and exceptional ability, a man of whom the country thinks with respect and affection. It was President Taft's misfortune to be at the head of his party when it stood at the parting of the ways and had to make the fateful choice between becoming a party of progressivism or a party of conservatism. After struggling for a time to lead it into a middle path which did not exist, the President found himself, by force of circumstances and his own temperament, doomed to lead to certain defeat a party incurably committed to reaction. It is almost certain that, even had he allied himself from the start with the little band of progressive Republicans who were already a disturbing but salutary power in the House and Senate, he could not have saved the party from collapse. So twined through the very structure and fibre of the party were the insidious tendrils of privilege that it would have been a baffling problem to remove them without tearing down the edifice. The party had served its purpose; it had long carried in its body the seeds of dissolution, and the day of reckoning was not to be postponed.

This is not to say that the Republican party, with its splendid record and splendid

MOVEMENT TO PROTECT TREES

traditions, had deliberately adopted a policy of conscious venality. What had really happened was that by almost insensible degrees it had become complacent and inattentive, forgetting its duties as the servant of the people and lending too attentive and sympathetic an ear to the arguments and requests of "the interests." Thus a party launched by the radical reformers of the Civil War period was re-organized under Mark Hanna for the benefit of the business interests, and in 1912 went down to defeat and possible annihilation before a new reform party born of the same spirit which gave it birth.

But the crisis which the Republican party has failed to meet has merely been passed on to the Democrats, and their future depends upon the way they meet it in the next four years. Already, even before his Administration begins, Mr. Wilson is being reminded by the conflicting elements in his own party that he stands between the two horns of a dilemma. At the moment it is a question as to whether or not he will call an extra session of Congress to redeem the party's promise of immediate downward revision of the tariff schedules. Strong pressure is being brought to bear on him from both directions, and the party press is already taking sides over the issue. Undoubtedly similar differences will develop when the party approaches the questions relating to trust control and labor legislation. It looks as if President Wilson, like President Taft, might have to choose between the conservative and the radical wings of his followers. If, on the other hand, he can so unite the two as to make them work together for progressive ends he will prove himself the great leader that the country needs. Failing this, if he aligns himself with the progressives of his party the powerful State bosses will probably force an issue that will disrupt the Democracy, while if he follows in the footsteps of President Taft the progressive element in his party will revolt, either capturing the organization or flocking to the Progressive standard in 1916.

PROTECTING THE TREES

THE first meeting of the Springfield Forestry Club was held recently in the Board of Trade rooms on Worthington street, with about a dozen of the charter members present. Mr. Southard,

who comes from the eastern part of the State and who is a graduate of the Harvard School of Forestry, one of the best of its kind in the world, has been in the city for a number of weeks organizing the society, and the results of his efforts are shown well by the large number of names which have been collected for the roll of membership.

The Springfield Forestry Club will be a voluntary organization apart from the forestry department of the city and entirely independent of it, although City Forester Gale is greatly interested in the movement and the department will doubtless work a great deal with the society. The club will make careful examinations of all the timber-bearing property in the city, and advise such remedial measures as may be deemed necessary. Owners of private property will be notified if any blight or disease is found on their trees, as will also the forestry department of the city, and every possible step will be taken toward the protection of the trees. The amount of tree-bearing property in the city, extraordinary for a municipality of this size, makes the organization of the society an extremely important thing for Springfield. Leaders of all kinds of activities in the city have been approached, and most of them have responded and joined the club. A committee on resolutions was also chosen.

It is to be hoped that the starting of this movement in Springfield is but the beginning of the foundation of local forestry clubs all over the country. The Federal Government cannot do all the work necessary to protect the trees; help is essential, not only from the State, but from the individuals, and the best help is from the organization of individuals.

STATEMENT OF "THE CRAFTSMAN" MADE AND PUBLISHED IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE ACT OF AUGUST 24TH, 1912.

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There are no bondholders, mortgagees, or security holders.

(Signed) BEN WILES, Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1912.

(Signed) ALFRED S. COLE, Notary Public.

New York County, No. 83.

New York Register, No. 4049.

(My commission expires March 30, 1914.)

[SEAL]

BOOK REVIEWS

BOOK REVIEWS

A BOOK OF HAND-WOVEN COVERLETS: BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL

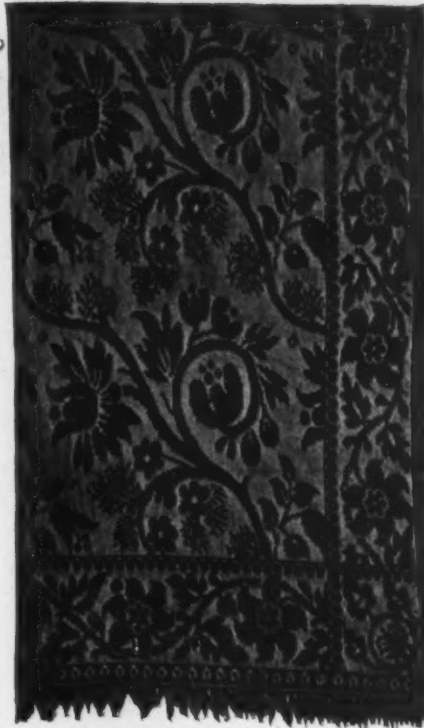
IT is not often that you find, in a book of more or less technical and historical character, such qualities of imagination and poetic insight, such understanding of humanity or such charm of literary expression as this unusual volume shows. The spirit which pervades it can be guessed from a quotation from Dillard upon one of the fly leaves:

"It is a pity that when we speak of art, the thought should be of something quite remote from the life of all the people. . . . The word *art* ought to carry as common and universal a meaning as the words *life* and *love*."

Certainly the author has understood the term in its widest and most human sense, for in this presentation of the history and romance of hand-woven coverlets, she has managed, by well-chosen words and tender imagery, to convey a sense of the subtle and deep-rooted poetry of common things.



"BIRD OF PARADISE" DESIGN IN A COVERLET WOVEN IN GENESEE COUNTY, N. Y.



THE "IDA P. ROGERS" COVERLET, MADE IN WASHINGTON COUNTY, PA., ABOUT EIGHTY YEARS AGO. THIS IS DOUBLE-WOVEN, BLUE AND WHITE, ALL IN ONE PIECE. THE OWNER IS MRS. S. G. ROGERS.

In a quotation which the author gives from the *London Nation*, her point of view is emphasized:

"In certain primitive and necessary things there lies an irresistible appeal. We perceive it in a windmill, a water-mill, a threshing-floor, a wine-press, a cottage loom, a spindle, a baking oven, and even in a pitcher, a hearthstone, or a wheel. There we see the eternal necessities of mankind in their ancient, most natural form, and, whether by long association with the satisfaction of some need, or simply by their fitness for utility, they have acquired a peculiar quality of beauty."

And it is just this kind of beauty and this "irresistible appeal" that the author of the "Coverlet" book has felt—and which she makes you share. She has seen the homes where these beautiful old quilts were woven, the big old-fashioned beds they covered, the rambling attics and dilapidated trunks in which they were stored away. She has chatted with the people

BOOK REVIEWS



COVERLET OWNED BY MISS SALLY RODES, BOWLING GREEN, KY. ITS HISTORY IS UNKNOWN. THE NAME OF THE DESIGN IS PROBABLY "NINE SNOWBALLS."

who owned them, listened to strange tales and humorous or tragic reminiscences of those who wove them and have long since "passed on." And from all her visits and



THIS DESIGN—"SINGLE CHARIOT WHEELS"—IS TAKEN FROM A COVERLET WOVEN IN MADISON COUNTY, KY., NOW PART OF THE WILLIAM WADE COLLECTION.

wanderings and investigations, out of the odds and ends of fact and fancy she has gleaned, out of the fragmentary knowledge of others and the wealth of her own sympathetic nature and literary skill she has woven around the nucleus of many illustrations a work of exceptional interest.

Listen to this: "Thoreau says that the value of a thing is determined by the amount of life that goes into it. If Dalmanutha and Cynthia valued their work according to Thoreau's standards, only a queen or a millionaire could possess one of their coverlets, for almost a year of a woman's life goes into the making of the mountain 'kiver.' It is just as if a painter had to manufacture his canvas, brushes, easel,

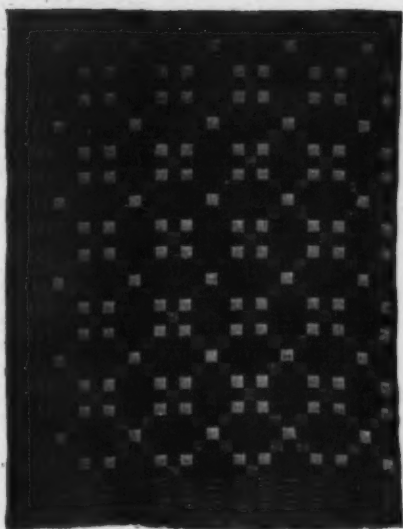


A MOUNTAIN "KIVER." THE AGE OF THIS COVERLET IS UNKNOWN, BUT AS IT WAS "CONSIDERED OLD BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR" IT MUST BE AT LEAST A HUNDRED YEARS OLD. IT IS OWNED BY MISS ELIZABETH DANGERFIELD, OF LEXINGTON, KY.

palette, and paints, or the sculptor go to the quarry and dig out a block of marble for his statue.

"In the old days a linen thread was used for the warp, and flax had to be grown, hackled, and spun. Now the coverlet is of cotton overshot with wool, and these materials too are a home product. The women work in the field, hoeing the cotton, gathering it when it is ripe, picking it, card-

BOOK REVIEWS



THE "MARTHA SHEPHERD" COVERLET WOVEN IN BELMONT COUNTY, OHIO, IN THE LATTER PART OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, BY AN ENGLISH WEAVER—MOWEY.

ing it, and spinning it. The sheep must be sheared and the wool picked, washed, carded, and spun. Then they must dig roots, collect the barks of different trees, set the 'blue-pot' and make the dyes according to ancestral methods. When all this drudgery is finished, the mountain woman seats herself at the loom; her bodily weariness



"OLD IRELAND" THIS COVERLET WAS CALLED, FOR IT WAS WOVEN IN BATH COUNTY, PA., ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO FROM A PATTERN BROUGHT FROM IRELAND.

falls from her like a garment; she is no longer a tired drudge, she is an artist, and she breathes the divine air of that region where beautiful things are created. If a sculptor or a painter should enter her cabin door she might greet him as a sister greets a brother; and I think that if the God of Beauty became incarnate and walked the earth searching for his most faithful worshipper, he would not find what he sought in any studio or art-shop; his search would end on some southern mountain, among gaunt, haggard women toiling for two seasons to make the thread for shuttle and loom, spending the short winter days weaving a fabric that will last to the third and fourth generation, and finally christening



THIS COVERLET, WHICH IS CALLED "LEE'S SURRENDER," WAS WOVEN BY ERNEST D. CHAPMAN.

their work at the springs of fancy with a name that sounds oftentimes like a song."

All through the well-printed, wide-margined pages of the book such commentaries as this are scattered; the practical and the poetic go always hand in hand. In the most prosaic fact or the most technical description you find some touch of philosophy, romance or humor, and your heart turns back with admiration toward the hard-working, patient, loving brides and mothers whose skilful fingers seem to have woven into the wonderful old coverlets the very pattern of their own lives. (Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 279 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price \$4.00 net.)

BOOK REVIEWS

OUT OF THE WRECK I RISE: BY BEATRICE HARRADEN

WITH the skill of a word-artist and the insight of a psychologist, Beatrice Harraden has told in this strange novel the love story of three unique but intensely real people.

These human magnets—a man and two women whom he has loved, deserted and is compelled by a material and spiritual crisis to seek again—attract each other with that subtle fascination which life sometimes gives in such unusual degree to certain intellectually emotional temperaments.

One of these women—*Nell Silberthwaite*—has managed, before the story begins, to gather up her shaken faith and courage out of the havoc which *Adrian Steele* had wrought in her heart and mind. She has married happily, and after her husband's death has thrown herself with increased fervor into the work of industrial reform. Equally free from the past—she thinks—is the other, *Tamar Scott*, the languid, sulky Jewess whose personality has the same mysterious charm as the antique jewelry in her dimly-lighted shop. But when, after long years of silence and separation, the man reappears, the old spell is resurrected and the two women feel themselves once more swayed by the magic of *Adrian's* warped yet lovable nature. His evident though unavowed need of aid and comfort draws them in spite of themselves to the edge of this whirlpool of disaster into which he is being pulled. They try, each in her own way, to avert the impending ruin which *Adrian* himself has invited by his unscrupulous withholding of the dramatic royalties of certain clients.

One of the most interesting features of this remarkable book is the portrayal of the jealousy and sympathy which alternately attract and repel the two opposite-natured women in their love for the man who has brought into their lives such intense happiness and such exquisite suffering. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 376 pages. Colored frontispiece. Price, \$1.35 net.)

THE LOVERS: BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

AS a rule we measure an author by his best achievement. We forget his lesser efforts and his failures; to us he is always "the man who wrote *So-and-so*." We reverse the Shakespearian dic-

tum and say: "The good (not the evil) that men do lives after them."

Yet it is for this very reason that we are so ready to welcome coldly anything which falls short of that writer's best achievement. We take the attitude—critics and public together—that we have somehow not been given the full measure due us. And we proceed to accuse our unfortunate idol of literary laziness, of trying to take advantage of his reputation.

So, when we know a man like *Eden Phillpotts*, who is capable of forceful and significant work such as one does not often meet—when our memory is still vibrating with the strength and tenderness of such a masterpiece as "*Demeter's Daughter*"—it is impossible not to feel a certain amount of regret on discovering that his latest book does not live up to the high standard of its predecessor.

"*The Lovers*" is a romance set in the historical background of the England of our Revolutionary days. Full of action, sometimes tragic, sometimes with a dash of rollicking humor, the tale swings bravely along under Mr. Phillpotts's pen. A group of English gentlemen and peasants, some American prisoners of war, two lovable Dartmoor maidens, three highwaymen and a fearsome gallows—these are some of the ingredients. Lovers of "adventure" stories will delight in its pages, and for such this book is the right delightful holiday gift. But for those of us who like to think of *Eden Phillpotts* at his greatest moments, the Cornish characters and Cornish speech only serve to take us back, in loving appreciation, to the masterful pages of "*The Secret Woman*." (Published by Rand McNally & Co., New York. 400 pages. Price, \$1.35 net.)

PROBLEMS IN FURNITURE MAKING: BY FRED D. CRAWSHAW, B.S., M.E.

THE fourth and revised edition of this book has just been issued. It contains, in addition to some notes on construction and design, a collection of cabinet-making problems and working drawings of various pieces of furniture, most of them simple and practical in form. (Published by the Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill. 43 plates of working drawings, 36 pages of text. Price, \$1.00; with board covers, \$1.20.)

BOOK REVIEWS

SUCCESSFUL HOUSES AND HOW TO BUILD THEM: BY CHARLES E. WHITE, JR.

AS the author says, this book is written from the standpoint of the house owner, and deals in a practical and comprehensive way with the building of houses, large and small. Every phase of the subject is taken up, from the purchase of the site and giving of contracts to the erection and equipment of the building. The respective merits of the various building materials are considered, the arrangement of rooms, methods of heating, ventilating and lighting, as well as exterior painting and interior decoration. The pictures include the planning and building of dwellings for city, town and suburbs, country and farm houses, bungalows, cottages, camps, garages, barns and greenhouses. The many photographs and diagrams with which the pages are illustrated make the book especially useful for the prospective home-builder. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 507 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price \$2.00 net.)

PHILIPSE MANOR HALL: BY EDWARD H. HALL, L.H.D.

THE people of Yonkers as well as historical and architectural students will find in this book a careful record of the old Philipse Manor Hall and its restoration. The biographical notes and reminiscences lend a touch of human interest to a somewhat technical subject. (Published by The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, New York. Illustrated. 255 pages.)

PRIMER OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT: BY FRANK B. GILBRETH

EVERYBODY knows of, even if they have not read, the articles by Frederick W. Taylor on "The Principles of Scientific Management," which recently attracted so much admiration and criticism in industrial and editorial circles. One of the results of their publication was the receipt by Mr. Taylor of hundreds of letters from all parts of the world requesting further information on this vital subject—"the elimination of unnecessary waste in human effort." These letters were handed to Mr. Gilbreth, and the replies have been embodied in the present book. The varied

nature of the questions and the conciseness of the answers will make them of value to all who are interested in this modern effort to "decrease labor costs and increase wages." (Published by D. Van Nostrand Company, New York. 103 pages. Price \$1.00 net.)

THE HERITAGE OF HIROSHIGE: A GLIMPSE AT JAPANESE LANDSCAPE ART: BY DORA AMSDEN AND J. S. HAPPER

ONE of the most attractive books that has come to us this fall is this slim but graceful volume from the Paul Elder Press of San Francisco. Written in authoritative style, with great sympathy and picturesqueness, the book is full of interest for lovers of Japanese art. The chapters include historical and biographical notes and forewords to some of Hiroshige's books. Looking at the unusually beautiful and characteristic reproductions of his work one hardly wonders that the man who conceived them has been called "the greatest interpreter of Nature in all her moods." Whether his subject is a misty landscape or a snow-capped mountain, a dipping eagle or a darting fish, a blossom-laden branch or a picture of "night on an island enchanted, and skiffs that are freighted with dreams," you feel always that lyric tenderness of Nature seen through human eyes.

The purely technical "make-up" is well worth consideration. The soft fibrous texture of the cover—the brown-gray tone of which reminds one of the wing of a fluttering moth—the rich cream-colored pages carrying the half-tone illustrations, the delicate yet durable paper of deep old ivory tint on which the text is printed, the wide margins, the decorative touches of red titles and initial letters—all these carefully planned and well executed features combine to make the book an unusual specimen of craftsmanship. (Published by Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco. 84 pages. Illustrated. Price \$2.25 net.)

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES: BY RICHARD DEHAN

THE scenes of this historical novel are laid in France, England and Russia before and during the Crimean War, and many notable persons figure in the pages, among them being Napoleon III. and Ada Merling (whose character is really

BOOK REVIEWS

that of Florence Nightingale). All through the book the personality of this wonderful woman shines, with her gentle purity, her loyalty and devotion to others, her unusual combination of self-sacrifice and efficiency, and her tenderness for the sinning, suffering hero of the tale. The emotional intensity of many of the situations, the graphic depiction of the characters and events, and the frankness of literary expression, hold one's attention through what might otherwise be an over-long and over-detailed narrative. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 687 pages. Price \$1.40 net, postpaid \$1.54.)

CHILDHOOD: PICTURES BY CECILIA BULL HUNTER AND CAROLINE OGDEN: VERSES BY BURGESS JOHNSON

NOW that cheery old December is here again and thoughts of gift-making and giving are in the air, any new Christmas offering on the literary horizon is likely to be well received by those of us who feel that a good book is one of friendship's most appropriate tokens.

This volume certainly makes its appearance at a favorable time, for it is just the sort to please a lover of children—and most of us are that. The twenty charming reproductions suggest how much beauty can be achieved in the field of "child photography," and what intimate and delightful records one can keep of all the nursery progress.

In these soft-toned, well printed pictures one finds many familiar tableaux of childhood's happiest hours. There is the breathless moment in which the first small steps are taken; the quiet safety of twilight hours; the thrill of meal-time anticipations; the joy of many playthings; the wonders of bubble-blowing; the earnestness of each childish responsibility, whether it be the tending of a teddy-bear, the saying of bedtime prayers or the ironing of dollies' clothes—any of those important events which go to make up childhood's strenuous career.

Equally sympathetic in character are the verses that preface each illustration, most of which, written from the child's point of view, have a little sense of humor running through them that is very whimsical and captivating. This, for instance:

"BUBBLES

If I knew magic, and could do
Just anything I wanted to,
I'd blow a bubble strong and wide
Enough for me to get inside.
We'd sail far up into the blue,
And when it burst and went away,
I'd visit—for a day or two—
The place where vanished bubbles play."

(Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 20 illustrations and poems. Price \$3.00 net.)

A MEXICAN JOURNEY: BY E. H. BLICHFELDT

AS the author of this graphically written and well illustrated book has lived for three years in Mexico and has also traveled there extensively, his account of this remarkable and picturesque land may well be regarded as an important contribution to current "travel" literature. The chapters carry one through Yucatan, Vera Cruz, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the city of Oaxaca, and Mitla with its famous ruins, to Mexico City. The book also includes much readable comment upon native types and customs, as well as a review of the political situation and a forecast as to the country's future. (Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 270 pages. 32 illustrations. Price \$2.00 net, postage 20 cents.)

PRACTICAL SHEET AND PLATE METAL WORK: BY EVAN A. ATKINS, A.M.I.M.E.

THIS detailed and comprehensive work is by an English authority, head of the Metal Trades Department and chief lecturer on practical geometry in the Municipal Technical School of Liverpool. The book is intended for the use of boiler-makers, braziers, coppersmiths, ironworkers, plumbers, sheet metalworkers, tin-smiths and others who require a knowledge of the working up of metals or development of surfaces. Illustrated with innumerable geometric and working drawings and diagrams, and supplemented with perspective views of various machines and tools, it should prove of value to all who are interested in the practical and scientific side of this important subject. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 524 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price \$2.00 net.)

ART NOTES

ART NOTES

AMERICAN LIFE BY AMERICAN PAINTERS

A GENTLEMAN who is an important member of many historical societies and authority on the history of art, has recently been employing his time in cataloguing important paintings the world over. When asked which of the American painters and sculptors he was including in his catalogue, he replied, "none." And when further asked why he did not present American art he answered, "there is none."

A few days after this significant incident a card came to THE CRAFTSMAN office from the Folsom Galleries inviting us to attend an exhibition of paintings which were interpretations of New York life by the following artists: William Glackens, George Bellows, Jerome Myers, John Sloan, George Luks, Guy Du Bois. It would have been a pleasure to take to the exhibition the historical gentleman, except of course, that it would have annoyed him to have his theories completely destroyed by the vital significant work in the paintings of the Folsom Galleries. A more definitely American exhibition New York has not seen, for the artists are all Americans, so far as I know, men who have studied art in America and the subjects presented entirely American, localized in New York City. None of the scenes was melodramatic or handled in an unnaturally vivid fashion. They were just the scenes that we of New York know and see every day. The Hudson River, Washington Square, a café (Mouquin's, not Delmonico's), the ferry, a bank at crowded hours, East-side children dancing, and yet the complete exhibition spread out before one a panorama of life as it is lived today in our most emphatically American metropolitan existence. Our historical friend would find the subjects commonplace, and they are, just as the most of life—the most interesting of it, is commonplace. Also he would miss velvet and tinsel and cathedral towers, and a rather tight handling of all of these, and probably in their place he would not find sufficient compensation in the wonder of life as it really is lived, in the beautiful presentation of night and sunlight and happiness, with a technique flowing, infinitely trained, infinitely lucid. The old standard of art as history catalogues it, seems to have

forgotten or perhaps it never knew that art is just the illusion on canvas or in marble or in music of all the things that are everywhere about us, the illusion of beauty which is ours every day if we know how to see it. Our old world friends think that it is necessary to separate life from what they call art, until art becomes a remote thing for the few, and a thing almost too holy to be purchased.

Glackens and Luks and Sloan and Myers happily find art in every moment of our existence, as it is of course, and they tell us about it as it sifts through their ultimate imagination and consummate technique.

Jerome Myers has seen it truly in his "Evening on the Eastside" with the ghost-like, sorrowful creatures, taking on the glory of their spiritual life in the delicate light and shadow of a subtle presentation of that escapable thing—the greatness of each human life. Jerome Myers has chosen just the right light to avoid the sordidness of the surroundings of these unhappy folk, to reveal for us their dreams and their aspirations rather than their daily deeds, and he has made us feel that both are equally true.

As rare and as subtle an art expression is that conceived by John Sloan in "The Wake of the Ferry." At a first glance it is an empty canvas and then slowly it fills with the life of the one figure in the shadow. You cannot escape entering into her thoughts, into the sorrows that have come to her. And the chances are that you recall some day when you too, stood desolate, looking out over the receding waters, wondering, too, of your future.

Bellows is more cheerful—he is younger, not in his art, but in his happiness, and a more buoyant note you find in his "Battery," flooded with sunlight, and his "Summer Night, Riverside Drive," under the trees near the Hudson. One wonders in looking at Bellows' work if there is any technical problem that he would not have the courage to face and the skill to overcome.

And Luks' "Ghetto"! What a riot of color, what enthusiasm for the richness that is to be found often in the humble spots of a great city. Luks is surely a master of intricate composition and splendid arrangement of color. What a scene for the old historical catalogue maker to feast his eyes on and to grow young through. But he will never let himself see

ART NOTES

these real presentations of American art, and perhaps his spoiled vision has become too inverted to understand and enjoy them should he see them.

Glackens could tell him a vigorous story of what the city holds for beauty if he would study into the art of Washington Square as this master of metropolitan presentation has shown it to us again and again. What color and life, what atmospheric mystery he would find in the Glackens scene at the Folsom Gallery, and all done so simply and so wisely, for simplicity is always wisdom, and wisdom must embrace the real art of simplicity. But our friend would not understand Mr. Glackens' work and probably come away bewildered, if not resentful.

THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS AT THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB

THE third annual exhibition of the Society of Illustrators opened at the National Arts Club, October 21st. This was a very full showing of the work of the members of the society, and the walls of the long galleries of the club were completely covered with large and small drawings, used supposedly to "illustrate" stories and articles that have appeared within the last year in the magazines and papers of New York. As a matter of fact, one never realizes how little the pictures used in our magazines really illustrate, until one sees a collection of them away from the story. And then it is plain to be seen that they carry no message in most cases. It is the exception in looking over the drawings at the National Arts Club to find one that conveys the faintest impression of its original purpose in publication. In other words, the illustrator seems to be losing his value in relation to the book and magazine world. He is seldom a student of human nature, he often knows little of the environment in which his scenes are placed and does not seek to understand it, and thus he becomes more or less a mechanical means of filling pages with pictures instead of copy.

We do not mean for an instant that there are not vital illustrators doing convincing work in America, and more of them every year, such artists as Glackens, Sloan, Bellows, Raleigh, Boardman Robinson, Wallace Morgan, May Wilson Pres-

ton. Indeed, a long list could be furnished of men and women who *illustrate* a story, not merely from text, but from their knowledge of human conditions out of which the story was born.

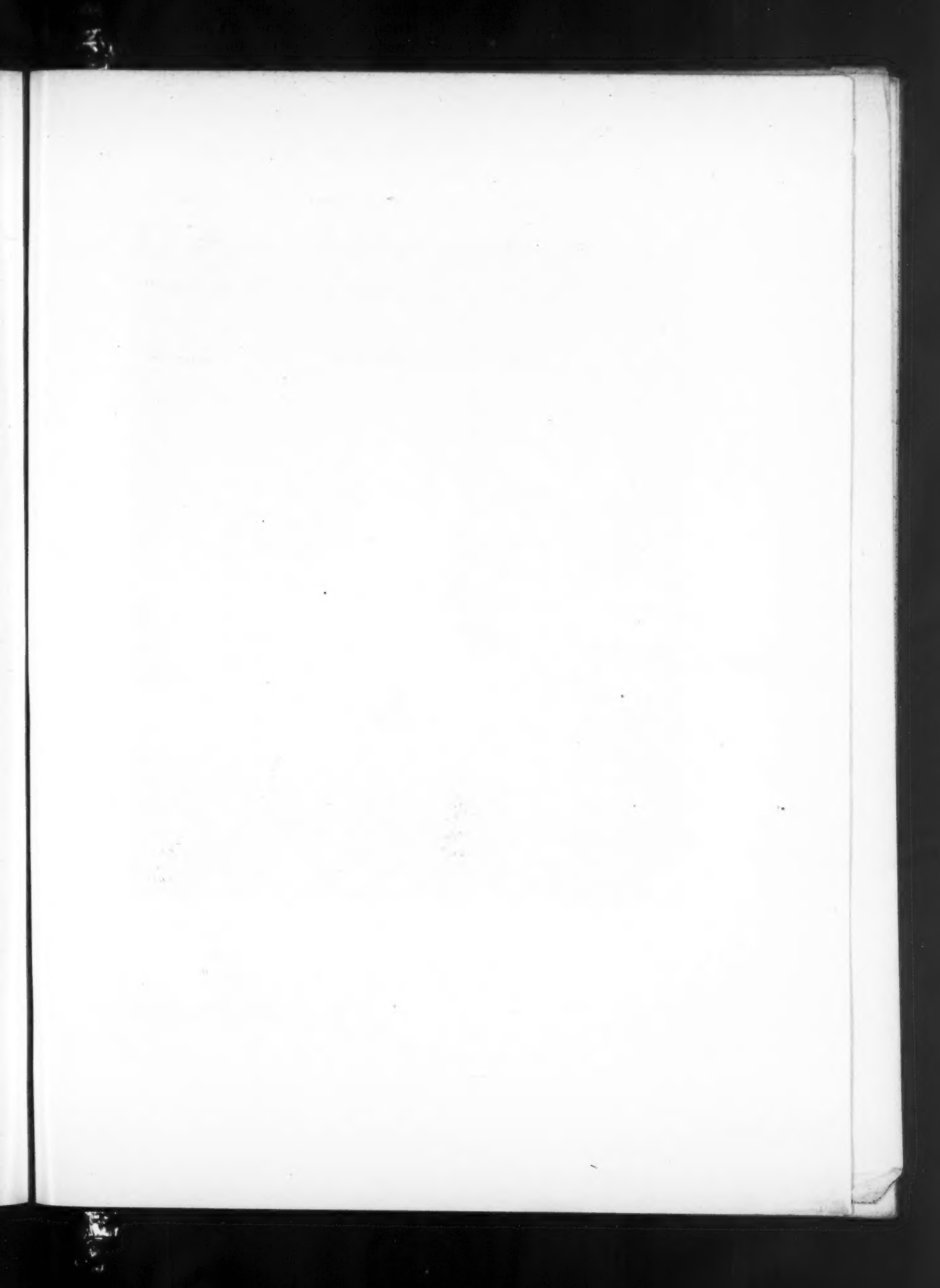
We were happy to see at this exhibition a little group of Mrs. Preston's drawings, vivid, human beings who are acting in the drawings as real people would in life, and who are apparently thinking as they act. In other words, with expressions and motions that seem to spring from within.

Mr. Reuterdaahl also has at this exhibition a very real and extremely well-drawn picture which he calls "Future Citizens." This is a most dramatic sketch of immigrants boarding one of the great liners, freighted for America, with disappointments and tragedies in the horizon. Mr. Reuterdaahl has given us a very real impression of many of the kind of people foreign countries are seeking to bestow upon us, and which we accept gladly because we want more *cheap labor*, and these people are cheap, until the labor unions find them and then they graduate into our societies for anarchy. Indeed some of these people whom Mr. Reuterdaahl shows us are so horrible that although the picture was bought because of its brilliant design and technique, it was not published.

Among the 261 pictures of this exhibition, we find in addition to Mrs. Preston's and Mr. Reuterdaahl's some interesting drawings by Joseph Pennell, and some extremely clever caricatures by W. J. Enright, "The Struggle," "Child Labor," "On to Baltimore."

Charles D. Gibson is there, and near-by, James Montgomery Flagg. C. Allan Gilbert presents a prominently colored picture which he calls "The Rail Bird," a flamboyantly pretty girl leaning over the fence, suggesting a cheerful poster for suburban real estate.

Altogether the exhibition is one to make one wonder where the purely commercial attitude toward this phase of what should be an art will end. As a whole the work seems done in the most flippant, unpurposeful way, to capture an unintelligent art department and an unthinking public. Just what good work these men could do in some instances we have seen, in many they have not been tested. But certainly out of an exhibition of nearly 300 drawings there are not two dozen that are fine examples of the illustrators' art.





*Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.
(See page 380.)*

"BEGGARS, ASSISSI": FROM AN
ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN.